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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The last of the Coronation visitors are taking leave. During the week Sir Edmund Barton has sailed for Australia, going by way of Canada and has expressed himself—perhaps because he could not help it—thoroughly satisfied with the success of the conference. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is now in Paris where he has been semi-officially received. His relation to France as representative of the French-Canadians, has perhaps no near parallel in history. It is a particularly happy result of colonisation that these French subjects should keep their affection for their hereditary land without lapsing in loyalty to the Government under which they live. On his way Sir Wilfrid Laurier visited Jersey and he will continue his journey to Rome. Mr. Seddon will be the last of the Premiers to leave. He too will visit Canada on the way and the increase of knowledge won in this tour of the world by the colonial Prime Ministers is no negligible quantity in imperial politics. It will do perhaps more good than the conference. When Mr. Seddon too is gone and the tumult of talking is over, we shall have more time and opportunity for thinking of what steadfast good has resulted from this gathering; but as it seems to us the personal acquaintance of the men will come first in importance.

Every critic and most "descriptive" writers have lamented the absence of foreign ships from the naval review, but if something of splendour was sacrificed something of meaning was gained. The only foreign nations represented were the Japanese, Italian and Portuguese, precisely the three and only foreign countries whom we can claim as friends in any fuller sense than of not being diplomatically unfriendly. The review itself, as in 1897, was interrupted by a thunder-storm. The dense darkness enhanced the grandeur of the illuminations at night; but on Monday the complicated manœuvres which had been prepared were prevented by mist and bad weather. On Saturday the sea was not rough; the review went generally well enough; and if some of the ships were not first-class nor effective fighting machines, it is something that no foreign squadron was called upon to reduce its strength by a single vessel.

At the end of last week and the beginning of this the general public were allowed to visit the Abbey on payment of sixpence and so many people availed themselves of the opportunity that the queue extended at one time for more than a mile and in all nearly £5,000 has been collected from visitors. It is a question what shall be done with the money. At first, before it was realised that the crowds would be so great, it was intended to give the money to local charities. It is now proposed to give some of it to the Hospital Fund, which has been increased this week by a gift of £10,000 from an Indian visitor, the Maharajah of Gwalior. But if, as one hopes, many of the people who went to the Abbey were attracted not only by curiosity but by some reverence for the building and for the sanctity of the great ceremony, it would be appropriate that the surplus left over, after the local charities had received reasonable sums, should be devoted to the fabric of the building itself which is continually suffering from want of money for repairs.

If there have been many departures there has been one important arrival. On Monday the Shah was met at Dover by Prince Arthur of Connaught and reached Victoria Station, where the Prince of Wales awaited him, at midday. On Wednesday he journeyed down to Portsmouth and had an interview with the King who expressed a natural regret that he was unable himself to entertain his visitor in London. It is natural to recall the visit of the Shah's father some years ago and the comparison gives many suggestions of the advance made in the interval. The present Shah has been continually busy not only with official ceremonies but with the inquiry into English commerce and ways of life. He has also found time to enjoy a number of the entertainments of London. The original term of his visit seemed so short both for seeing what he wished to see and receiving the hospitality which we wish to give that he has been strongly urged and may consent to extend the period.

Both in his own person and as ruler of Persia the Shah is a monarch to whom the country should wish to extend every courtesy. "East is East and West is West" and there is no reason why the two should not meet as often as possible. Persia lies next to India, a country where East and West are brought more closely together than in any country in the world; and there is every reason both in policy and for the sake of their own education why the people of this country should

do all they can to appreciate the spirit of Eastern empires. We should feel some gratitude to the Shah for making a visit which necessarily means to him a more serious undertaking than a restless colonising people can appreciate. In spite of storms of rain large crowds waited to cheer the Shah on his arrival. Is it too much to hope that the zeal which led them so to receive him will induce some of them to look up the map and history of Persia?

Sir Redvers Buller has had his way; all the documents that have definite reference to his communications with General White in Ladysmith have now been published. It must have been on grounds of abstract justice, not for the sake of personal justification, that General Buller was so anxious for the whole truth. There are two new facts in these dispatches. General Buller knew some time before he sent the "spatchcock" telegram just how long General White thought that he could hold out; and the point is vital in connexion with his advice to General White to make terms. But the surprise of the new document is General Buller's refusal to believe that Lord Roberts' march up the Orange River Colony could benefit the army on the Tugela. Lord Roberts suggested the wisdom, in case the relief should seem impossible, of General Buller waiting inactive on the Tugela till the effect of Lord Roberts' march was felt; and General White heliographed to say that the fear of this advance was already apparent in the Boer forces. Nevertheless General Buller to the end refused to concede the point and insisted on it that General White was merely maintaining a brave appearance, or, in his phrase, keeping a stiff upper lip. The new facts, if we except the tone of the last letter to Lord Roberts, neither condemn nor exonerate: but they well illustrate the meaning of obstinacy.

Who can now say that he does not know all there is to know about the three Boer generals? The cut and texture of their clothes have been minutely described. We know that General Botha was invincible at deck quoits and that De Wet spent the voyage in his cabin writing a book. The name of the tailor who made the frockcoats in London is an open secret; and the tempers and intentions of the generals are common property. The foreign press has filled the deficiencies in the English. The silly and noisy greeting given to the generals in London is quoted as witness to England's magnanimity. The refusal to go to the naval review, for which in spite of the many denials the invitation was received at Madeira, is put down as a rebuff to Mr. Chamberlain. The generals themselves neither did nor said anything that was unworthy while they were in England. It was natural for them not to wish to be part of the show at the naval review but they were glad on the following day to have an interview with the King. Now that they have given up the tour in Holland it is probable that they will be back in England in a week or so when we hope the populace will greet them with more dignity and the press with fewer personalities.

Their visit to Holland, where they have attended the funeral of General Lucas Meyer, was partly no doubt intended to settle matters with Mr. Kruger and Dr. Leyds. There were accounts to be revised and a large amount of money to be parcelled out and the question of the sale of some Netherlands Railway shares to be settled. But both in England and in Holland they have remoter and more essential objects which they are too acute as diplomats to wish to appear on the surface. General Botha perhaps gave a glimpse of his intentions in his first speech in Holland when he said that he represented "one of the most ruined people, ruined only because we have done our duty and defended our liberty and independence". General De Wet went further yet: he looked for the support of Holland in the future. If this means anything, it means that intrigue is to be part of the general orders when the new campaign is begun. It will be well in the near future not to forget these lapses in diplomacy as glosses on that compromising letter of Mr. Schalk Burger. We have no sort of reason for supposing that the intention there expressed

to lie low and bide their time has been revoked either by him or his followers.

The Cape Parliament was opened on Wednesday and Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson gave some sketch of the Bills that it was intended to introduce. The first must necessarily be an indemnification of all concerned in acts committed under martial law and as soon as the measure is passed martial law in the Colony will cease. It is proposed to prohibit the introduction into the Colony of Asiatics other than British subjects and of undesirable persons; and totally to prohibit the sale of intoxicants to aboriginal natives. In addition to the £30,000 already contributed by the Colony to the navy a Bill will be submitted providing for the payment of an extra £20,000. Taking into account the Railway and Loan Bills, the proposed expenditure is large but the Governor maintains that the "large and continuous expansion of trade" fully justified the increase. Such are the Government Bills; but the whole interest will centre in the attitude of the parties towards other questions. There are measures on which the Progressives are bent that find no place in the speech from the Throne. In the meantime the Progressives have substituted Dr. Smartt for Sir Gordon Sprigg as leader of the party.

From the moment of the first rumour of Mr. Morgan's shipping combine the proposal for a fast-service between England and Canada began seriously to be canvassed. The present danger is not so much a want of interest in the scheme as a too great eagerness which may lead the Government into some ill-considered and costly venture. At present the service between Liverpool and Montreal fights in vain against the competition with the Liverpool and New York lines and is avoided by many people because of the undoubted dangers from ice and fog. It is suggested that both passenger and freight service, running part of the year to Montreal, part to Halifax, should be substituted and perhaps subsidised. But there are objections both to the subsidies and the change of route. It would be wiser first to save the additional time and to avoid the danger of weather by making Halifax the terminus all the year round. If Galway were substituted for Liverpool, the sea route would become 1,000 miles shorter than the distance between Liverpool and New York and the sea could be crossed in three days instead of seven or eight. There are no difficulties which are insuperable about connecting Galway with London and Halifax with Montreal; and in point of economy the essential advantage of the new route would be that two steamers would suffice where four were wanted on the longer journey. The whole scheme was carefully worked out in Canada long ago and has since come before all the experts and on this ground alone should be fully considered by our Government before any other proposal is adopted. The case is excellently put by a Montreal correspondent, Mr. Robert Reford, to the "Times" of 21 August.

All those who know Mr. Parkin and the history of his work will feel that the trustees of Mr. Rhodes' will have chosen in him the right man to organise the scheme for the Colonial and American Scholarships at Oxford. Mr. Parkin is one of the few men who have set out to "stump the empire" with a definite view of going to the root of imperial questions. He has acquaintance, one may say, friendship with most of the leading men through the colonies. Among other accomplishments he is largely responsible for inspiring Lord Rosebery with his colonial philosophy. As head of Upper Canada College in Toronto Dr. Parkin, to give him his Canadian title, has acquired just the sort of scholastic knowledge which will fit him for his new task and he has had particular opportunities for knowing the ways of the Toronto and McGill Universities. Though not an Oxford graduate he lived there long enough to know its leading men and its traditions, and has something of Mr. Rhodes' enthusiasm for the spirit of the place. It must be a year or two before the scheme can be perfected; but it is something to know that Mr. Parkin's fervour will force him into perpetual energy till the work is finished.

From the report furnished to the Royal Society by Dr. Anderson and Dr. Flett on the volcanic eruptions in the West Indies it appears that, while the Soufrière eruption in S. Vincent had as its first incident the eruption of clouds of steam from the lake in the craters, the Mont Pelée eruption began with the flow of mud lava. In the former case also the Soufrière retains its original form, there being no new fissure, whilst in the latter it was through a fissure newly opened that the lava poured. The actually destructive element in both was what is described as a strange black cloud laden with hot dust which suffocated and blasted every living thing in its path, though it passed swiftly. Escape was cut off by the appalling circumstance that the rivers and streams had become boiling hot and retreat was impossible. Repetitions of these phenomena, with the terrific flashes of lightning illuminating the black cloud which so impressed the survivors, were witnessed by Dr. Anderson and Dr. Flett. The great black cloud rolling with terrific velocity is the feature which appears to distinguish the West Indian eruptions from other volcanic outbursts : and its composition is described as a mixture of dust and gas—the latter steam with some sulphurous and perhaps other acids—which behaved in many ways as a fluid.

A statue of the late Empress Frederick was unveiled on Tuesday at Homburg and after the ceremony the German Emperor made a speech of real eloquence on the life and character of the Empress. There was no need to strain the panegyric. The long succession of her sorrows, which brought to the Empress a rare amount of popular sympathy, at no time checked her zeal for the "development of the beautiful in art and artistic products" and the long list of educational and philanthropic institutions due to her energy and will remains as a witness to her unselfish life. If here and there the wording of his speech recalled the commonplaces of panegyric, the German Emperor spoke worthily of her who continued to the end to exercise strong influence on his own character and non-political ambitions.

The rejection of Mr. Dunbar-Buller and the election of Mr. Sloan is another condemnation of the electors of Belfast. Mr. Sloan is an extreme Orangeman, an extreme "ascendancy man", a violent opponent of Roman Catholicism and though he was only known to the electors a few months before the election, his success as a "sub-contractor for the cementing of slips' floors" and the loudness of his anti-Popery cries were sufficient to ensure success : his philosophy was typical of the electorate. English people are apt to dichotomise Irishman into Nationalist and Belfast Orangeman and their disgust at the extremes of Anglo-Saxon sentiment which have been reached in Belfast has done more than anything else to keep the bulk of English people intentionally ignorant of the Irish. This unfortunate prominence of Belfast, due largely to its industrial energy, is particularly disastrous to the Unionists of the South and West of Ireland, whose political work on behalf of unity has not been the less good because it has avoided narrowness and noise. One can only hope that the fluent Mr. Sloan will not by much speaking in Parliament continue to alienate English sympathy from Irish politics. In the second election of the week Mr. Forster was returned for Sevenoaks by 892 votes. The majority was naturally much reduced. It is remarkable that the poll was bigger by nearly 1,400 than in 1900.

Parallel with the bigotry of Dissenters over the Education Bill is the unlovely enthusiasm with which the Low Church press is hailing M. Combes' bullying of the nuns in Brittany. Here, however, we think that the gentlemen of the "Record" newspaper and such like suffer from nothing worse than an incurable Philistinism. Otherwise if we thought that they realised they were supporting atheism, we should say that the sooner they betook themselves to the worst sort of Masonic lodges in France and relieved the Church of England of their presence the better. We think however that it is their Philistinism only which in this respect has blinded them alike to the feelings of gentlemen and Christians. Let it suffice to appeal from these new to the old evangelicals. At the

close of the eighteenth century Evangelicalism in spite of religious differences held out a hand of sympathy to the unfortunate French priests, whom the First Revolution drove to its shores, in spite of Protestant prejudice stood side by side with Catholic Powers for Christian civilisation against Jacobinism, in spite of the failure of the Continent braced up England to defy and beat the First Napoleon. Evangelicalism then moulded English thought and rolled back European revolution because it stood mainly for positive principles. To-day at least a section of Evangelicalism has fallen from its high estate, because it has placed partisan negations before either positive Christianity or civilised manners.

During the week the full Report of the Select Committee on the Housing Clauses in Private Bills has been issued to the public. Speaking generally the Committee was obtained to revise the clauses inserted in private and local bills, which were originally intended to secure the re-housing of people of the working classes who were dispossessed by railway companies, and other public bodies, who acted under statutory powers for compulsorily acquiring property. Experience had proved them to be ineffective and the Committee has examined this whole subject with care and done something, we believe, to render a most necessary object more likely to be attained. Its recommendations can hardly be stated in a note, but we have already discussed the whole Report in detail in our issue of 9 August under the title of "Parliament and Housing".

The annual conference of the co-operative societies was opened at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday with Mr. Fenwick M.P. as its President. It would appear that the past year has seen little change in the position of the co-operative movement. War and prosperity—a curious combination—are accountable for its languor. Co-operative production, the test of progress in the larger aims of the societies, remains very much at the stage it reached years ago, and does not seem to make much advance. It is on this that the chief interest of co-operation depends, and the distributive organisation only marks the societies as thrift societies in hostility to retail dealers. For the present the feeling of these latter classes is in greater antagonism to them than is aroused in any quarter even by their profession of socialistic aims. Mr. Fenwick explained very correctly the natural connexion that exists between co-operation and trades unionism, and all other forms of workmen's associations, where the relations of labour and capital are the real bond of union and their aims much the same. The justification of both lies in the fact that they tend to work out a more or less clearly defined, or undefined, socialism by peaceful and not politically revolutionary methods. We only doubt whether co-operators as such are quite as conscious as trade unionists of their intentions.

The charter for the "British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical and Philological Studies" has been granted and bears the date of 8 August. However excellent may be the intention of the Academy one may hope that the forty-nine original Fellows, an admirably representative body, will some day find a title more capable of popular use. The object of the Academy is to fill the gap that has remained since the Royal Society began to specialise on natural science. Literature as such is still out in the cold, apparently for the reason that no one could say at what point literature merged into journalism or book-making ; and the example of France does not tempt to imitation. Since January three of the most distinguished of the proposed Fellows have died : Dr. Gardiner, Dr. Davidson and Lord Acton, all of them chiefly concerned with history. Of course the new list includes Lord Rosebery ; and as if to weigh without prejudice the learning of the two political parties Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lecky are Fellows with Mr. Bryce and Mr. John Morley.

The weather of the past week has seriously spoiled the most beautiful of all country scenes : the gathering in of the harvest. Farmers throughout the country are

in the irritating position of seeing really fine crops, heavy both in ear and straw, ruinously damaged by twenty-four hours of rain. We should be in the second or third week of harvest, but it has been impossible to gather the corn that has been cut and much that was ready for the machine—how much better “sickle” would sound—has been so flattened by the heavy rain that the cost and labour of cutting will be at least doubled. In many places it will be altogether impossible to use the machines and the heavier the crops—they are especially heavy in the fen districts where the machines are most successfully used—the greater the loss. The only hope for the farmer is an immediate spell of sunny weather. If he does not get it, the grain will begin to grow and disease will attack other crops such as potatoes, which already show signs of serious damage.

A new and interesting department is to be added to the Swanley Agricultural College in Kent. This college trains women in horticulture, fruit-growing, dairy work, bee-keeping, as well as marketing and book-keeping—in short in everything that is needed in modern scientific garden and farm work. So thorough is the training that out of thirty-two students who left the college last session, twenty-seven immediately obtained profitable posts. It is clear that the college supplies a recognised want. But it is now to be put to a still more urgent purpose. A colonial branch is to be established at Swanley College with a special view to the immediate demand for competent women in South Africa, and a house is prepared for their reception. It is decidedly a step in the right direction. It is said that 70,000 women are wanted in South Africa—to say nothing of other colonies—and it is absolutely essential that those who go out should be of the right sort, trained to the work that has to be done. No doubt the college at Swanley can only do a little towards this end, but every little helps, and we advise those who are interested in the matter to apply for information to the Hon. Secretary for the Colonial Training Branch, Miss G. M. Godden, Ridgfield, Wimbledon, S.W.

There has been a very decided improvement in the tone of markets this week and, taking into consideration that the holidays are now in full swing, business may be considered fairly active. Consols have been exceptionally weak with a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ to 95 $\frac{1}{2}$; one reason for this was stated to be the imminence of the Transvaal loan but it is more probable that the real reason was the selling from abroad as it is known that the account open for the rise is to a great extent foreign. Home rail traffic returns were satisfactory but not sufficiently so to have any but a passing influence on the market. American rails have maintained the advance noticed last week and in many cases prices are higher, but yesterday there was a decided reaction on profit taking and the absence of any announcement regarding the formation of a Southern holding company; advices however from New York are still in favour of the market. It is stated that the directors of the Southern Pacific have decided to recommend the creation of \$100,000,000 four per cent. bonds for the purpose of providing improvements and equipment for the railway; the bonds will be convertible into stock at par any time within twenty-five years.

In the mining section South African shares remain active and the buying at the beginning of the week was distinctly good, being for the most part in small lots on behalf of genuine investors, but within the last day or two it has become more speculative. The statistics of the Government Mining Engineers branch of the Department of Mines are certainly not in accordance with the very gloomy views recently taken with regard to the labour outlook on the Rand, the improvement shown is small but still there seems to be a steady increase; in July 1901 it is stated 14,596 natives were at work, in January 1902 23,429 and in June 34,352 and according to the returns of the Native Labour Association 5,291 natives were recruited during July. Consols 95. Bank rate 3 per cent. (6 February).

THE BOER GENERALS AND SOUTH AFRICA.

THE amiable incidents which have marked the arrival of the Boer generals in England, and their wise refusal to play into the hands of the Anglophobe element in Holland and Belgium, must not make us forget the realities of the situation in South Africa. The Boers have submitted, but they are not yet reconciled to our rule. Many years must pass, and many things must be done, before we can feel assured that no subsequent effort will be made by them for the recovery of their independence. The public utterances of these very Boer generals, with their veiled allusions to the future, should serve to put us on our guard; even if we had not the record of a hundred years' dealings with their people to help us to the truth. The Flag has gone, they say, but the Folk and the Land remain. So long as this is so, there is hope that the Flag will come back. It is not for the Boer generals to say how and when; but it is significant that while they bade their countrymen in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony be loyal to the new Government, they told their Afrikander kinsmen at the Cape and their sympathisers at The Hague to think of them as a people who still cherished the ideal of a national existence. Such utterances need not disturb us. They are the natural expression of a natural feeling. In so far as concerns their action after the conclusion of the war we have no reason to complain of the conduct of Generals Botha, De La Rey, and De Wet. They loyally co-operated with the military authorities in South Africa; and we are bound to regard their presence in this country as evidence of an intention to give no less loyal assistance to the Colonial Office. But it is our business to change the social and political conditions of South Africa so completely that this desire on the part of the Boers for a continued national existence—which, as we have said, is a perfectly natural feeling at the present time—may give place to a desire, no less strong and sincere, to participate in the life of the British Empire. We need not assume, therefore, that the Boer leaders are either unable or unwilling to give us effective assistance in the critical stages of the work of settlement because they indulge in sentimental regrets for the old order of things. Nevertheless we cannot rely upon their co-operation; or rather we must be prepared to find their present co-operation withdrawn, when a certain stage of progress has been reached. After all it is we—and not they—who are responsible for the well-being of the race whom we have incorporated into the Empire at such cost. From this responsibility the right of control cannot be separated. It is for us to exercise that control; to use such foresight that the temptation to rebel may never be placed again before the Boers; and to take such measures from the first that ambitious or mischievous persons, whether in Europe or in South Africa, may learn that neither opportunity nor excuse for playing the part of political agitators any longer exists.

But though it is right that we should realise the difficulty of the task of racial amalgamation as well as its necessity, there is no reason why we should not recognise the progress which has been made already towards the solution of the problem of South African administration. In the first place we know what we have to do, and in the next, we have already begun to do it. The line of cleavage which has separated Dutch and English for a hundred years into countrymen and townsmen must be removed by placing Englishmen upon the land, side by side with the Boers and the Afrikanders. That cardinal fact we know; and we know, too, thanks to the Land Settlement Commission and Mr. Willcocks' Report, that before any sufficient body of British settlers can be introduced into South Africa for this purpose, works for irrigation and water storage must be constructed, the railway system must be extended and improved, and the conditions of rural life in South Africa as hitherto existing must be altogether changed and improved. Both the necessity and the possibility of these measures are admitted: their execution is only a question of ways and means. For the present, however, the energy and resources of the Civil Government in the new colonies have been largely absorbed in the task of repatriating the Boers.

It is not surprising that this circumstance should have produced some manifestation of impatience on the part of the British inhabitants. To have had what was left of the railway system by the military authorities practically monopolised in the interest of the Boers—their late enemies—just at a time when the British were eager to resume their industries, and make good the ravages of the war, must have been a trying experience for the refugees. And yet of all the necessary things that had to be done, this restoration of the Boers to their farms was the one thing most necessary. A discontented Boer population would have made industrial progress impossible. And apart from the immediate necessities of the situation, to promote the material prosperity of the Boers is a wise as well as a just policy. For the present the surest method of reconciliation is to divert the Boer minds and energies from political speculations to their own private concerns. But even with this difficult and necessary business of repatriating the Boers upon his hands, Lord Milner has lost no opportunity of immediately establishing upon the land such suitable British settlers as the war had brought to South Africa, and for the acquisition of land areas which can be thrown open subsequently to British immigrants, when circumstances admit of colonisation on a larger scale. While as for the readjustment of the industrial conditions of the Transvaal, and the settlement of those wider questions of fiscal policy and native administration which have arisen out of the change of government, we know that these matters have long occupied the attention of Lord Milner and his associates. But here again both patience and circumspection are necessary. The Transvaal administration, Lord Milner pointed out to the mining community of Barberton, are in a position of peculiar difficulty. On the one hand they are pressed to pass immediately the most important measures affecting the present and future well-being of the country, and on the other they are urged to make no new laws without first obtaining the opinions of all sections of the community. But in spite of this he was able to assure them that progress was being made in all directions; and that when once the railways were freed from the more pressing demands of the military authorities, the congestion of the traffic between the ports and the inland towns would be relieved.

In South Africa itself the present week has been marked by two events which taken together serve to throw an instructive light upon the very complex conditions under which the work of political reconstruction is proceeding. In the Cape Colony the Parliament has met after two years of virtual suspension. The Premier, Sir Gordon Sprigg, proposes to carry out by the aid of Dutch votes a policy which is condemned by three-fourths of the party of which he was the leader. In the meanwhile the Progressive members who advocated the suspension of the Cape Constitution have held a meeting at which they have decided to support their former leader in securing the passage of the Indemnity Bills, but at the same time to insist upon the introduction of a Seditious Practices Bill. This measure they regard as necessary to protect the British and Dutch loyalists from the boycotting and other persecutions of the Dutch majority who openly sympathised with the Boers in the war. Whether the Progressives will be able to secure their object remains to be seen. On the other hand, on the Randt we have the appearance of the Transvaal Political Association which is to hold its first formal meeting at Johannesburg to-day (Saturday). The Association has no shred of legislative or administrative authority. It is merely a vehicle, voluntarily formed, to give expression to the opinions of the industrial section of the inhabitants of the Colony. At the same time a representative body of this kind, so far as we understand its present objects, should serve a useful purpose in keeping the executive in touch with the public needs during the necessary period of Crown Colony government. In any case the simultaneous appearance of these two bodies, with their contrasting circumstances, is a significant indication of the necessity for that complete reconstruction of the political fabric in South Africa which has been more than once advocated in these columns.

BACK TO FUSTIAN.

WE suppose we shall be safe in describing the Naval Review as the grand finale to a long period of national excitement, severely sustained at a very high pitch. True the Shah is here and the Boer generals may come back, but the public seems inclined to take the Shah with equanimity and is hardly likely to repeat the childish ecstasy which exhibited itself for the benefit of Generals De La Rey, de Wet, and Botha. It was surely not the way to impress these stern soldiers to show them that the British public loses its self-control with extreme facility. Welcome them cordially of course; but it is possible to welcome a man without falling on his neck. It is indeed getting time to change our holiday clothes for the homely fustian of daily work. Knee-breeches and corduroys is what we want to see now. Sober clothing tends to sobriety of demeanour, and even assists a proper restraint of mind. The nation has had a very lively time, doubtless; we have shouted Rule Britannia with a vengeance; we have thrown up our caps and clapped; we have cultivated national sentiment to a high degree. These demonstrations, these spendings of passion, have their place. It is a good thing to have your feelings strongly moved at times; it is right that your nerves should be strung tense; but if repeated too often this becomes psychological dram-drinking, steadily growing on the inebriate and steadily weakening in producing the effect required. We shall do ourselves no harm if we put away our flags and feathers—lay them up carefully, if you will, for another season—and look our daily work in the face. There seems very little danger of our forgetting that we are citizens of a great empire or that we are the finest people in the world. We might look at the other side with advantage, or at any rate try fairly to take stock of our position and see how we stand. In the race with other countries where are we, and how do we come out in comparison with our own record?

If we look at English public life, we may not, we cannot, be entirely pleased, but on the whole we may be fairly happy about it. Criticism in detail and criticism will never come to an end, but looked at from without, from a distance, (the only way to get a just view), public life in this country is seen to be quite tolerable. Undoubtedly, if an American, a Frenchman, an Italian or a Spaniard, the citizen in fact of any country which attempts the game of parliamentary government, were to enter upon a philosophic stock-taking of this nature, he would dismiss politics with a wave of the hand as past reclamation. "La politique?" he would say, as did Maître Labori to the Hardwicke Society, "Mon dieu!" and he would say no more. In England the great majority who enter public life are gentlemen, and as men and citizens fairly represent the best elements in the population. Here politics attract good men as much as ever. The Government of the day always contains one or two of the ablest men in the country, and if it usually contains some of the least able as well, perhaps a just representation of the people demands the balance. Measures are of such infinitely little importance compared with men that we English may be fairly well content with our public life as it is, seeing that we live under a parliamentary and democratic dispensation.

The army we have heard much about of late. The war has shown one thing conclusively, that the English trooper has not deteriorated. We have to admit the lack of trained intelligence in the superior officers, which must be put down to defective or no education. Still we have at least one first-rate general, and the army has succeeded in doing what it was put to do. But in one respect it is most seriously and patently deficient—a deficiency the nation must make good at any cost—it is too small for the requirements of the Empire. This question of numbers we shall have to face whether we like it or not. If we do not face it now when we are strong, we shall some day be driven to do so by disaster. We shall, of course, try every expedient wise and unwise, plausible and plainly silly; and in the end, having shirked it until every conceivable alternative has been

proved a failure, we shall turn to conscription. Conscription is certain ultimately to come; and there is no more practical and wholesome duty before the country than to look conscription in the face and get accustomed to the idea as quickly as it can. When the idea becomes a fact, this terrible bogey and bugbear will be shorn of much of its terror.

In trade we have very uphill work before us. We have been losing ground and not an inch shall we be allowed to regain without very hard fighting. We, as our readers are aware, believe that our retrogression in trade, or at any rate our slower rate of progress, has for some time been largely due to the fiscal system of the country. And we believe that the nation will see that fiscal reform on the lines of preferential tariffs is becoming imperative, and that in the near future public energy will largely be concentrated on this issue. We recognise, of course, that many who agree with us that the position of this country in respect of trade is very unsatisfactory, that we are losing ground, yet do not accept our view on international trade policy. But even those who have the most robust faith in free trade will hardly deny that the Empire at present does not present a common front to the enemy in commerce; that for trade purposes we are practically so many comparatively small countries instead of one great empire; and that if concentrated for purposes of foreign trade, the commercial energy of the empire must tell more in the race with other nations than it does now. To this aspect of imperial commonwealth the Empire will surely soon address itself with purpose.

Educationally it is not possible for us to congratulate ourselves. Higher education we have, and it is not ineffective. The great universities do their work well, as the Military Education Report lately testified, and, if the public schools are less intellectually efficient than Continental institutions of the kind may seem to be, they are certainly far more efficient in forming character, a greater educational result. But when we turn to the immense mass of children that are not sent to elementary schools, and cannot go to public schools or the universities, nothing could be worse than their educational position. Of these children the boys are really not educated at all. For the girls certain types of High Schools have made considerable provision; but by no means adequate. This enormous class is taught by accident; it has no educational place in the country. Some attempt to deal with this crying national deficiency is made in the Education Bill now before Parliament in the direction of establishing authority to deal with secondary education and by co-ordinating it with the elementary system. The case of the latter is not so serious; but it is serious enough. There is no want of activity here, no want of apparatus of all kinds, but vast want of thought, a misconception of the object aimed at, promoted largely by partisan attitude resulting from popular elections for educational purposes. This last weakness the nation through Parliament is now occupied with. A better educational authority, with no election to face, will, we have good hope, take larger and longer views as to the right methods of elementary teaching. No observant person can help being struck with the extremely small influence the years spent in school have on the elementary boy and girl in later life. The influence seems to wear off almost the moment the child is beyond the teacher's ken. We must have a different type of teacher altogether—the teacher problem is among the greatest and the most insistent the nation has to tackle.

In matters of social reform next to education comes the question of Housing. This is a mechanical matter and, complicated as it is, infinitely easier to deal with, far less complex, than those we have mentioned before; far less difficult than moral questions such as those of drink and sex. If the nation chooses to take up the housing question in earnest, it will solve it. The sooner it does so, in every way the better; for procrastination in this matter is daily costing the nation very dear, not to speak of the pitiless sacrifice of individual children, women, and men.

These are the matters, of those which collective agency can reach, that seem to us to press most urgently

on the nation. If we cannot or will not face them to effect, our flags and cheering will be tinsel and tinkling indeed.

THE BOARD OF TRADE BEFOGGED.

THE more Sir Alfred Bateman's memorandum on British and Foreign Trade, which we dealt with in its statistical bearings last week, is examined, the more evident does its ineptitude appear. We took no objection to its figures, but accepted them at their face value, because there was not the slightest reason to do more than this to show the utter futility of the apologetic remarks by which the compiler was constantly endeavouring to explain them away. There was no need to introduce other denominations of figures than he himself employed; such as Lord Masham has often quoted and which show that even the damning figures of the memorandum do not tell the whole depressing truth. One need not be an expert in the figures so as to make allowances here and deductions there. It is sufficient for any plain man to follow those given by Sir Alfred Bateman himself relating to our trade in every part of the world to become absolutely convinced that our manufacturing export trade has decreased over the periods he takes, is decreasing, and seems likely to decrease. We showed from his own statements that the manufactures which we send to China and Japan, to European countries, to South America and to South Africa have been steadily going down. More striking than this is the fact that our colonies in all parts of the world are conspicuous in the process by which what was British trade is being taken away by foreign rivals in a continuous if not in a striking annual amount. If a private manufacturer were losing his business in the same manner, he would say that it was being tapped and undermined by his rivals. Yet Sir Alfred Bateman keeps on repeating throughout his memorandum that there is nothing to show that while the export trade of our neighbours has been increasing our own export trade has been diminishing or even standing still, and that it yet remains the largest in actual volume of any other nation.

But this is mere mental confusion. If an old firm in a growing neighbourhood, and the world is the neighbourhood in this case of competition between international rivals, sees its business going down proportionately year after year while his fellow-tradesmen are increasing theirs, it needs no prophet to foresee the end. Would Sir Alfred Bateman talk to the principals of this firm in the same way that he talks to the British people: and would they be really comforted if he did? One of the things he tells the nation which he would probably impress on the firm is: that there must be strenuous effort and careful and energetic improvement in method. The firm might reply, We do propose a new method and new organisation. There are certain promising customers of ours who for various reasons would prefer, if we would make some departure from our old terms of doing business, to deal with us instead of trading as they have been doing with the newer firms. We might secure their trade in this way, and instead of our sending to them a steadily decreasing quantity of goods we should be constantly sending them more, because their demand will go on increasing with the course of time. The reply of Sir Alfred would be: No I cannot advise that; you must not give special terms to any class of customers; the old firm never did that. Should we not say this was a remarkable example of mental confusion and perversity? Yet this is exactly the kind of fog into which he invites the Board of Trade to immerse itself. When he is dealing with the country's trade he sagaciously remarks that the problem how best the country's trade can be improved by reformed method is of vital interest, "though the assistance which the State can give in the matter must necessarily be of a limited character". That remark, the last in the memorandum, is the key-note to the whole, and solves the mystery of the underground current of apology which runs through it from the beginning to the end.

While in minimising the significance of the figures the report is obstinately optimistic, in the view of practical advice it is stupidly pessimistic. It dis-

poses arbitrarily of the doctrine, which is really not so devoid of anything to be said in its favour as Sir Alfred assumes, that the State has some part to play in the concerns of trade as of other interests of a nation. If he is right, then he is right in what we term his pessimism which consists in the belief that little can be done except by individual effort and strenuousness. But at the best does he imagine that English commercial education and training could ever be so far superior to the German that we could make up our lost ground against them by improvements in these respects? No! not even by the greater State aid now given to our people to which it is common knowledge that the German's present superiority in education is due. Again, does he expect Englishmen to regain their former position as against the Americans by surpassing them in business energy, and strenuousness, and devotion to the ideals of business life? Hardly we should think; and if our material resources are not likely to give us the advantage in the future that we had in the past, then Sir Alfred Bateman, because he wants to turn out a Free-trade memorandum, lands himself and the Board of Trade into a dense fog of pessimism whose darkness is only irradiated by fitful gleams of complacent and unreasoning optimism. That is where the memorandum leads on Sir Alfred Bateman's principles; and it condemned by anticipation any hopes founded on the attitude of the Conference of colonial representatives who, we suspect, were put hors de combat by a rigid application to them of the doctrines of Board of Trade officials who are in this state of mental fog. Is the attempt to bring the various members of the empire into a closer connexion of interests for trade purposes to become abortive by such a non possumus as is contained in the conclusion of this Board of Trade memorandum? It is essentially an effort, through the State, to strengthen the position of its members by State action, and it is prejudged and reduced to nullity beforehand by officials of a department which should at the least be free to interpret the facts with which it is most intimately concerned, without being committed by its officers to self-stultification in any efforts it may make. We should think the time has come for those who collect statistics for it to drop reiterating in muffled tones the maxims which no decent modern book on economics would permit to encumber its pages, though they would have been full of them in the days when the Navigation Acts were repealed half a century ago. Let these obsolete statisticians confine themselves to their own business, and let statesmen see the facts clearly for themselves and not through a fog. If it were not too much to hope, we should like to think this might be the last of Board of Trade returns prepared by officials who are incapacitated from rendering practical help because they have made themselves impotent by slavish subservience to exploded theories. These voices from economic graves are not impressive: they are merely the twittering of the strengthless shades, whom the living only pity for their melancholy inability either to be still or to cross into the land of oblivion.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION OF SURFACES.

IT would be excusable for an enemy to define University extension as that which being extended ever so far in all directions never meets with any result. Its friends would say of its lectures that they hold out to all who would avail themselves the hope of easy knowledge; that for the first time they have brought within reach of everyone the wealth of modern science and research; that they go a long way towards reaching that consummation, which everyone is now a good enough socialist to desire, equality of educational opportunity; that they are to an elder public what the board schools are to the children. One might easily grant this last parallel without conceding undue merit to extension lectures. The name itself is unfortunate like very many other educational terms and unhappily suggests that old contrast of the formal logicians between "extent" and "content". The two are apt to vary inversely and width of extent generally to be compensated by restriction of content.

At first sight there seems to be a pretty parallel

between the scene at the annual summer meeting, held in the long vacation alternately at Oxford and Cambridge, and the Universities during term in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Then people of all sorts and conditions flocked up to Oxford in multitudes, greatly outnumbering the present list of undergraduates. They were not exactly members of the University, though they were full of its spirit, and found what homes they could in any quarter of the town. All that most people know of these early students is that they were forbidden to play marbles on the steps of Queen's and that they were so poor that the University was in the habit of turning pawnbroker to help them pay their small fees. But never was a time or place when education was more real. Men wrestled with bare texts, struggled to hear the great doctors and expressed an admiration for them as for the great ones of the earth; and they were as much in earnest as the Parisians, in an age when the discussion of the number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle divided a continent. Both in their number and in the strangeness of their mixture, as well as in their struggle for the cheaper lodging, the crowds that invade the unhappy Universities in the long vacation recall those early students. If they are not tempted "to play marbles on the steps of Queen's" any porter will tell you of their tendency to desecrate the sanctity of the grass in the quads. They have also the same cosmopolitan air. Crowds of foreigners are among them, who attend all the lectures, heedless of the farrago of themes, in order to pick up English; and you hear in the streets the accent of every county. But the parallel becomes a contrast when we get to the spirit of the twelfth and of the twentieth centuries. Who ever heard of an extension student wrestling with a text or of sacrificing personal discomfort for the sake of knowledge? The visit to the University is looked upon as a holiday jaunt, a picnic intellectual as well as alimentary, at which you pick up and swallow, if not digest, whatever comes to hand. The lecturers, if they are not of the quality of Grosseteste or Roger Bacon, are men skilled in their several subjects. But it is the object of each to make his theme easy, to give attractive conclusions, sketchy purviews, not to be dull, but so to lecture that each one of his audience may go away and write an essay on the subject,—which the lecturer will presently label with an α , β or γ ,—without troubling to look up sources. The desire of the bulk of the "students", of whom a huge proportion are women, is the same as that of the typical American girl. It is compulsory for her, if she is to be any success in society, to talk always and on any subject. Five minutes' silence is fatal to her, for it is bad manners for a man to lead the conversation. Her education is therefore designed to give a sort of extended glibness and she studies—the number is quoted from a boast made the other day by one of the victims—seventeen subjects in the week. Anyone who has found himself in a roomful of extension students will know how nearly they approach this trans-Atlantic ideal of drawing-room omniscience.

It would be unfair to take this summer picnic as a type of University extension in its highest development. But the syllabus that is now being gone through at Cambridge is in itself a criticism of the whole movement. On one day the two principal subjects were "Poverty in Provincial Towns" and "the Housing Problem" on which different speakers "explained the obvious and expatiated on the commonplace". Now, to quote the unique example of facetiousness in all Mill's writings, "imaginary axioms about nothing in particular" are all very well for a debating society in which no one need fetter his impartiality by weighing arguments; and it may be an improving pastime to listen to such a debate or to take part in it. But to consider that this sort of thing is education is indeed to plant the tree of education upside down, with its "leaves in the ground and its roots in the air". And yet how many of those who flock, as they say, to "the seats of learning" think that they have had extended to them the benefit of "literæ humaniores", that they are potential "firsts" in Greats or the Tripos, Part II. It is in the interpretation of their intention that the chief danger of the lectures lies.

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There is one virtue in extension, which is undoubted, though it has not found place in the testimonial of its supporters. These peripatetic lectures give a very pleasant opening for promising bachelors of arts who have done well in the schools. It gives them something to do directly they leave Oxford or Cambridge and perhaps helps them to smooth out the wrinkles in subjects on which they have had insufficient time to specialise. The teachers are enabled by it to teach themselves and to win the benefit of that special study which is discouraged in the learner. Take the ordinary student in a provincial town. One year his intellect will be stimulated by lectures on Greek history and he will learn to draw a plan of the battle of Marathon and perhaps will get by heart a verse of "The Isles of Greece". The next year he will think after a course of eight lectures that all he does not know about Early English architecture and transition-Norman is not knowledge. In the course of five or six years the five or six pigeonholes in his brain will be full. His knowledge will get mixed up and the omniscient student will find himself wondering in his dreams whether or no the mountains that "look on Marathon" are "perpendicular" or have Corinthian bases. In all seriousness this fluttering from subject to subject, which is directly encouraged by the extension lectures, is too much strain for the intellectual machinery of many students. We know an actual case where an organiser of these lectures became so exhausted in the chase after elusive knowledge, got on the scent, as it were, of so many fresh foxes, that his mind gave way. He could not keep it up and it was two years before he could attend to his affairs. At provincial meetings of citizens called together to discuss what subject should be asked for, it is common to find all the more sensible proposals ruled out of order at once. "Why we have had that before" is the argument and no one would risk her reputation for intelligence by opposing it; for to follow up one subject is a thing that no seeker after culture—with what rich suavity the word is pronounced!—would dream of, in the provinces.

A pleasant theory lies behind the idea of these lectures which caused an outburst of enthusiasm when they were first suggested. The folk, it was thought, would find their desire for knowledge stimulated and would be inspired to go on with subjects of which they were given a tempting glimpse. The lectures would "half reveal and half conceal" the wonders beyond and tempt to original research. But the result of giving people these tit-bits has been to encourage them to "grudge the throe" of personal effort. Much the same result has come about by the publication of the little handbooks of science—Grant Allen's for example,—which have lately become so popular. They make the thing so easy, so attractive. In a few hours you can steal the wealth amassed by years of hard work and if not "conquer Berkeley with a grin", for philosophy is not one of the popular subjects, at least refute Darwin with a gesture. No one, especially perhaps a boy or a woman, who has once found out that he can get along by easy theft will ever afterwards take kindly to hard work. Schoolmasters are beginning to find fault on the same ground with the very full notes which now swell out the school editions of the classics. There was a recent example of a boy who went successfully through a term without once looking at the text of his Horace in preparation. But he always learned the notes by heart! How many extension students have done as he: learned their notes by heart and then left the subject for ever.

The organisers of the extension movement are partly aware of the weakness of the system. The popular lecture is usually followed by a real students' class in which essays are corrected and questions asked. And there is no better education than good conversation. Here and there efforts have been made to make the courses continuous. In Oxford, for example, the yearly lectures, not to be compared with the biennial picnic, dealt with history in successive centuries. Here and there in the North, where thanks to the sound sense of the people the system is at its best, real good has been done. The enthusiasm of the people is astonishing and by sheer force of their zeal they have converted popular lectures into effective con-

tinuation classes. Thanks entirely to the coaching and lectures of an extension lecturer a young mechanic was lately enabled to win a Balliol scholarship for history; and the example is not unique. It is a fair inference that one success of this sort is not an accident, but issues from the sound work of many genuine workers. It is because here and there such work of real educational value is stimulated by extension lectures that one feels the greater regret in seeing stores of energy wasted in providing literary and scientific tit-bits which spoil the intellectual digestion of the students and are so far immoral that they teach conceit. If Socrates was the wisest of men because he alone knew that he knew nothing, where in the scale of wisdom do the extensionists come who are taught to think that they know something of everything?

VIVE LES SCEURS!

OFTEN, within the last month, a month to be known henceforward as the month of expulsions, a cruel month, often have we recalled Madame Mathilde Serao's masterly study of "Sœur Jeanne de la Croix". She, too, was expelled: she, a nun—a shy, timid woman, frail and gentle. Hers had been a peaceful life until the Italian commissary of police knocked at the convent gates, bade the Mother Superior and the Sisters disperse, depart, go anywhere. Which road, which refuge? The commissary only shrugged his shoulders, saying, "Go". And out into the streets went Sœur Jeanne de la Croix trembling, terrified. Behind, the convent; over there, the city—from calm into tumult, strife. Sœur Jeanne then gained her first glimpse of the world: saw shabby streets, coarse faces, cruel actions: heard oaths, harsh voices: witnessed impertinences, vulgarities. Passers-by stared at the woman, for she was pale, and looked bewildered, and walked unsteadily; but on and on went Sœur Jeanne de la Croix, into the heart of the city . . . There, let us leave her; leave her in order to recall another Sœur Jeanne, and Sœurs Madeline and Marie, and other Sisters. Pale, also, these women, and no less bewildered. We can see them still, although they said good-bye to Paris three weeks ago. We can see them walking through the streets, two by two, a long procession. Expelled—but nevertheless escorted, surrounded. Hundreds of sympathisers marching by their side; and at every window spectators. Policemen and gendarmes motionless at street corners, and policemen and gendarmes accompanying the procession. The traffic interrupted—and often rough omnibus drivers and monstrous cochers uncovered. Then, cheers and cheers, and the ringing cry—"Vive les Sœurs". But like Sœur Jeanne de la Croix these Sisters appeared terrified; and they scarcely glanced at the crowd, and they rarely spoke to one another. Each had her bundle, and clasped it closely. Poor little bundles—containing no doubt every belonging. Old Sisters and young Sisters; and here and there, priests. "Courage, ma Sœur", said one of the latter, and the Sister tried to smile. It was dusty and it was hot. All sounds: the warnings of steam trams, the shouting of camelots, the orders of the police, and always the cheers. "Au revoir, mes Sœurs", cried a lady from a window, waving her handkerchief. "Au revoir, mes Sœurs", repeated gamins, for once serious. As in a dream, the Sisters slowly advanced; then, the end, the Gare S. Lazare. Two by two they filed through the gates into the station, but only a few of their friends were allowed to enter also. In the waiting-room, they paused, stood silent, waited for a priest to return with the tickets and conduct them to the platform. Without the crowd was shouting "Vive les Sœurs", within the porters and officials touched their caps respectfully—but here he is, the priest. "Venez, mes Sœurs." "Nous vous suivrons, mon père." Out on to the platform then; always two by two, always bewildered. Up the platform, to that long train. Quite twelve priests to help the Sisters into their compartments, hand in their bundles after them. Benedictions, blessings—and again "Courage, ma Sœur". In this carriage sat Sisters seemingly unconscious; in that one was an old, old nun crying, and another holding fast a priest's hand.

A shrill whistle, and the doors of the compartments closed less roughly than usual by an official. "Vive les Sœurs" shouted at the top of his voice a grimy fellow who was working on an engine opposite. "Courage", and "Au revoir"; and "Merci, mon père", and "Priez pour nous, mon père", and "Adieu, mon père". And sobs, and tears. Then, the sound of steam; and bareheaded on the platform the priests, the porters, the spectators watched the train move slowly out of the station. Not a face at the windows, though; not a last glimpse to be gained of the Sisters. . . . Another vision: and the scene, Brittany. If the Parisians respected and sympathised with the nuns, the Bretons loved theirs. And so—resistance. Sœur Jeanne was to be protected and her home was to be guarded day and night. Uncouth, brutal if you like, these peasants; but tender upon this occasion and ready to sacrifice themselves. Old customs were abandoned and new ways introduced. One no longer retired at sunset and rose at five; one no longer thought only of the fields. No hours were kept—the peasant scarcely slept. And instead of ploughing and digging, he took to building palisades round Sœur Jeanne's home and erecting barricades. How he worked and worked, and how he watched at night. Never were there longer vigils—for sentinels were stationed in the lanes and horsemen patrolled the country around for an entire fortnight. In quest of what? Soldiers, policemen, gendarmerie: the enemy. And, at intervals, the peasants prayed, and chanted hymns, and approached Sœur Jeanne's home, shouting, "Vive nos Sœurs". There were false alarms: suddenly the tocsin sounded, summoning the sentinels and horsemen to the village square. Often did the bells ring out, and invariably the peasants answered the call. No rest, no distractions; anxiety all the time, the keenest anxiety. And when the enemy arrived the peasants were prepared, and defended the Sisters with all their might, and drove the soldiers back again and again. Their wives assisted, and were injured. Only after a five hours' battle did the Bretons give in. And then, when the Sisters issued from their schools, the peasants surrounded them and wrung their hands and shouted "Vive les Sœurs". And all the time the tocsin sounded and hymns were chanted and blessings were demanded. And most of the soldiers felt ashamed. Again, a station; once more, farewells. Expelled! . . .

So have the Sisters been banished at last, and so has the Frenchman displayed his anger at their departure. One Frenchman's opinion has been ignored: he, then, must be a great man who has ventured to deal savagely with a body respected and admired by the entire country? In his own way a very great man? Something of a Napoleon? All strength? Well—scarcely. The man is M. Combes: and who is M. Combes? Combes, Combes? Parisians asked themselves that question when he succeeded M. Waldeck-Rousseau two months ago. "Connais pas", said the boulevardier. "Mystère", declared Paul of the Latin Quarter. "Un étranger sans doute", guessed the Montmartrois. And then it was discovered that M. Combes had written books, and had been Minister of Public Instruction in the Bourgeois Cabinet. Not much, surely? No very glorious part? Rather a dismal record, in fact. Of all recent premiers, the obscurest; and of all recent premiers, the most impudently ambitious. Said he, "Waldeck made his reputation by daring; I, in my turn, will be daring, and also become famous". Thus, at least, does the Parisian explain M. Combes' violent enforcement of the Associations Law. Certainly, towards the end, "Waldeck" was not popular, but to quote a boulevardier, "M. Combes' arrival makes us regret even M. Waldeck-Rousseau's departure". And that is the opinion of Paris, from the Latin Quarter to Montmartre, from the boulevards to black Belleville. Now and then, during our perambulations, we hear M. Combes described as a "canaille", an "idiot", a "brigand", a "madman"; and in the Champs Elysées café-concerts, the centre of Paris at this season, each attack upon the Premier provokes loud applause. When a gamin feels dull, he, if no policeman be in sight, relieves his feelings by crying, "A bas Combes". On the other hand if he feel blithe, he shouts "Vive les

Sœurs". And Parisians smile upon him, and the policeman pays no heed. As for the Press it attacks M. Combes in fierce fashion, or ridicules him. And ridicule in Paris is more injurious than abuse, and so M. Combes must pale before the dialogues in the "Figaro". Scene: M. Combes in his dining-room; enter, three servants. Each servant asks the Premier whether he will have beds placed in his drawing-room and study. Why? asks M. Combes. And each servant replies that his brothers and sisters and cousins have been sent home since the expulsion of the Sisters, and that they have nowhere to sleep, and that M. Combes alone is responsible for this. And M. Combes lays beds and beds—so many beds that they have to be established in the hall and on the landings of the staircase. And children occupy his home and destroy his papers. Also, M. Combes is shown dismissing innumerable employés . . . because they have sisters; again, he is seen ordering his coachmen to avoid the Rue Saint-Pères, the Rue Saint-Dominique, the Gare Saint Lazare, and threatens him with instant dismissal if he pass a religious school or church.

Seriously, however, M. Combes is in an unenviable position, and to-day he must bitterly regret his daring. He is not to be seen abroad, driving; and many of his visits to the provinces have been postponed. He is "le gros Combes". He is caricatured in every illustrated sheet, and he is condemned by the chansonnier and strolling singer. And, worst of all, he is snubbed by his colleagues and treated coldly by M. Loubet. Also, there is strife in the Cabinet; and no one seeks his intervention. General André and M. Camille Pelletan scowl at one another, and M. Rouvier scowls at M. Pelletan; and all three scowl at M. Combes. He, as Premier, would make peace; but General André, who has become proud, whose white steed at the Military Review has been compared to General Boulanger's black charger—significant, that—looks down upon the obscure M. Combes, and M. Pelletan—who is fiery—replies hotly, and M. Rouvier—who is imperturbable—ignores him. So are his holidays troubled, spoilt; and then he must fear the coming of October. For, on the very day that the Chambers meet, a huge manifestation will be held on the Place de la Concorde; and, from the tribune, the Premier will hear the cries of "A bas Combes" and "Vive les Sœurs". Probably, in the Chamber itself, the same cries will arise. Interpellations? Dozens of them. After the folly of Combes, the fall of Combes; and once again—"Vive les Sœurs".

A POET OF DEVOTION.

IT is curious that in spite of the wonderful success of the Anglo-Catholic movement, it has produced but little poetry. Indeed, after one has remembered the "Christian Year", and the Poems of Christina Rossetti, and "Lead kindly Light", one has perhaps named nearly all the poetry which is religious that the nineteenth century brought us.

And on looking back over English literature it is remarkable, remembering the extraordinary religious emotion of our race, how little religious poetry there really is. Crashaw, whose exquisite verses are far too little known, Herbert who on the other hand is perhaps better known than he deserves to be, and Vaughan who of the three is by far the most profound and the most poetic, are our only religious poets strictly speaking; and having remembered these, who is left that is worthy of remembrance? Not Milton surely, for his magnificent and tremendous epic sings of a tragedy that is outside the world, mysterious, unthinkable—the war of some profounder Zeus against Prometheus. It would be idle to suppose that "Paradise Lost" had any deeper or closer meaning for us to-day than the Trojan War and the Adventures and Wanderings of Odysseus. That is not a religious poem in which the author from the very beginning engages our interest and our emotions for his hero against the gods. But of quite another religion than that of John Milton were Crashaw and Herbert and Vaughan thinking at Little Gidding or at Bemerton

or at Oxford. An older religion it may well be, simpler, full of a profounder human emotion than Paganism even at its highest in the mind of some poet-philosopher could attain. No one, at any rate of our own day, ever read Milton in order to experience any subtle religious emotion. Yet it is just that emotion lightened and transfigured perhaps by poetry, that one finds in Crashaw, and in one who lived half a century before Crashaw, in Abraham Fraunce. Utterly forgotten beyond any forgetfulness that can ever beset Crashaw, Fraunce in his day was a well-known poet—so well known as to be among those happy few mentioned by Spenser. The date of his birth is not known, but after going as is supposed to Shrewsbury School, he matriculated as a pensioner of S. John's College Cambridge 20 May, 1575. He was elected Fellow in 1580, and "commenced M.A. in 1583, about which time he removed to Gray's Inn". He was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney and of Henry Earl of Pembroke, and of Spenser, who calls him the "Hablest wit of most I know this day". Nothing more is known of him. In his day he was chiefly remarkable as the champion of the hexameter as opposed to the stanza of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney. If Fraunce had had his way, probably the "Fairy Queen" would have been written in hexameters. It is not for this that we are in his debt, but for a delightful poem on the Nativity of Christ, called "Emmanuel" written in hexameters that seem always on the point of rhyming. And considering our poverty of religious poetry it is extraordinary that anything so charming as this poem should have been so utterly forgotten. There is some curious simplicity in our religious verse that renders it without rhetoric highly emotional, as in that piece "On the Nativity of our Blessed Lord", by Richard Crashaw. Nor is it altogether wanting in the opening lines in the apostrophe to Christ in this poem of Fraunce.

"Christ Jesus mighty redeemer
Of forlorn mankind, . . ."

Christ lovely reporter
Of goodspell gospel, Maid's Son, celestial offspring
Whose sweet birth in skies, caused angels for to be
singing.
Look sweet Babe from above lend gracious ears to my
prayers
So shall these lips, this mouth this tongue be thy
praisers."

And then, after so sweet a vocative, he too to the lilt of old Greece, to the march of the stories of the old gods, yet with a kind of utter simplicity foreign even to their oldest poets, tells the story of Christmas once more :

"Seely shepherds by night their flocks were warily
watching
And fro the skies they saw strange brightness mightily
shining
Down to the ground they fell : but an angel cheerful
appeared
And with joyful news their trembling hearts he re-
newed,
'Fear not friendly shepherds for I bring good news
from Olympus.'

This day born is a babe, his name is called Jesus
Only Salve to the sick and Pardon free to the sinner.
And take this for a sign : this babe is asleep in a
manger
Wrapt in swaddling clothes, sweet soul and cast in a
corner !!"

And in the midst of the more familiar and simple narrative there comes the utter simplicity, the perfect tact of faith in dealing with the miraculous, the thoughts of Mary, the humility of the man "called just Joseph" and the voice of Gabriel, and returning to the story of the shepherds as to something infinitely precious, he tells how :—

"Seely shepherds ran down to behold their only re-
deemer
And found all to be true and saw Christ lay'd in a
manger.

Then they praised God, most cheerful company keep-
ing.

Glory to God most high, good will to man and to his
offspring,

Peace to the earth itself and to all that on earth is
abiding.

So that on every side, this glorious echo resounded
Glory to God most high which mankind freely re-
deemed."

And again in wonder at that immortal scene in the
stable he exclaims as it were with a serene and perfect
smile :

"Christ who no place holds, in so small a place is
abiding."

There is indeed a sort of caress in a line like that, the
mere simplicity of which carries it to a very true kind
of poetry. And so he continues :

"Sing then friendly shepherds and Angels all be a sing-
ing
Come fro the east you kings and make acceptable
offering
Gold to the golden babe of golden time the begin-
ning."

But this relic of the early youth of our race, before
we had discovered the exquisite poetic music of
Spenser, or the immortality of prose in the Bible, or
the profound understanding of Shakespeare's plays, is
on occasion, and for a moment, modern enough, in its
own strength and naturalness. Such a line as this, for
instance, might have been written in our day :

"When great grandame Eve with a bitter sweet he
beguiled."

And then, as the early Italian painters dreamed, so he
speaks of Heaven as Olympus, of God as the Thunderer,
of Hell as Avernus, and above all perhaps one is caught
by his humanity—his human nature—as in these lines
Peter's betrayal :

"Peter saw all this, Peter the manly protester
Peter stirred not a foot, Peter that mighty protector,
Peter stout Peter by a girl—by a paltry damsel
Is dashed is vanquished, forsakes his Master Jesus."

It is a far cry maybe from this work of Abraham Fraunce to the subtleties of Crashaw or the perfumes of Herbert or the mysticism of Vaughan. Yet we find him a true brother—though an older. These men are far more initiated and far less simple—even, if we except Crashaw, less sincere than he, yet it is easy to see the relationship. If we compare for instance Crashaw's lines on the "Nativity" with this poem "Emmanuel", how different, how infinitely greater as poetry, are they, yet how like. Has the world ceased to find the story of Christ poetical at all, and, in giving up gradually its faith in so supernatural an event, no longer finds any beauty even in the legend? But how profoundly moved, how enthusiastic is this poet of the sixteenth century, how eager for all the details of the night from which he says even an indifferent world shall understand "began our endless joy". He at least felt the perfection of that starry night, with the shepherds in the fields; that is the real poetry of religion; because he had faith, because he believed.

STARLINGS IN CONGREGATION.

STARLINGS are most interesting when they flock, each night, to their accustomed roosting-place—in autumn more especially when their numbers are greatest. It is difficult to say, exactly, when the more commonplace instincts and emotions which have animated the birds throughout the day begin to pass into that strange excitement which heralds and pervades the home-flying. Comparatively early, however, in the afternoon many may be seen sitting in the pear

or apple trees of orchards and singing in a very full-throated manner. They are not eating the fruit, a dead and fruitless tree holds as many in proportion to its size as any of the other ones. Presently a compact flock comes down in an adjacent meadow and this is gradually joined by many of the singing birds. The swollen numbers now fly about from one part of the field to another, rising and coming down all together and moving over the ground with a quick step and a curious sort of flurry in all their motions. Whilst watching these birds other flocks begin to sweep by on hurrying pinions and one notices that many of the high elm trees into which they wheel are already stocked with birds, whilst the air begins gradually to fill with a vague, babbling susurru, that, blending with the stillness or with each accustomed sound, is perceived before it is heard—a felt atmosphere of song. One by one, or mingling with one another, these flocks leave the trees and fly on towards the wood of their rest, but by that principle which impels some of any number, however great, to join any other great number, many detach themselves from the main stream of advance and fly to the ever-increasing multitudes which still wheel or walk over the fields. It seems strange that these latter should hitherto have resisted that general movement which has robed each tree with life and made a music of the air, but all at once, with a whirling hurricane of wings they rise like brown spray of the earth, and, mounting above one of the highest elms, come sweeping suddenly down upon it, in the most violent and erratic manner, whizzing and zigzagging about from side to side as they descend and making a loud, rushing sound with the wings, which, as with rooks, who do the same thing, is only heard on such occasions. But all of them are moving on, the immediate fields and trees are now empty of birds, and to follow their movements farther, one must proceed, with all haste, towards the roosting-place. They have not yet got so far, however. About a mile's distance from it, at the tail of a little village, there is a certain meadow, emerald-green, dotted all over with unusually fine, tall elms. In these—their accustomed last halting-place—the starlings, now in vast numbers, are swarming and gathering in a much more remarkable manner than has hitherto been the case. It is always on the top of the tree that they settle and the instant they do so it becomes suddenly brown, whilst there bursts from it, as though from some great natural musical-box, a mighty volume of sound that is like theplash of waters, mingled with a sharper, steelier note, the dropping of innumerable needles on a marble floor. On a sudden the sing-song ceases and there is a great roar of wings as the entire host swarm out from the tree, make a wheel or half-wheel or two close about it, and then, as though unable to go further, seem drawn back into it, again, by some strong attractive force. Or they will fly from one tree to another of a group standing near together, swarming into each, and presenting, as they cluster in myriads about it, before settling, more the appearance of a vast swarm of bees or some other insects than of birds. These flights out from the trees, always very sudden, seem sometimes to be absolutely instantaneous, whilst in every case it is obvious that vast numbers must move in the same twinkle of time, as though they were threaded together. All this time fresh bands are continuing to arrive, draining different areas of the country. From tree to field, from earth to sky, again, is flung and whirled about the brown, throbbing mantle of life and joy, nature grows glad with sound and commotion, children shout and clap their hands, old village women run to the doors of cottages to gaze and wonder—the starlings make them young. Blessed, harmless community!—the men are out, no guns are there, it is like the golden age. And now it is the final flight, or rather the final many flights, for it is seldom—perhaps never—that all, or even nearly all arrive together. As to other great things so to this daily miracle there are small beginnings, the wonder of it grows and grows. First a few quite small bands are seen flying rapidly, yet soberly, which as they near, or pass over the silent wood—their pleasant dormitory—sweep outwards and fly restlessly round in circles now vast, now narrow, but of which it is ever the centre.

"Then comes wandering by" one single bird, alone, cut off by lakes of solitary air from all its myriad companions. Some three or four follow—separately, indeed, but not widely sundered—then a dozen together which the three or four join, then another small band which is joined by one of those that have gone before it, itself now, probably, swollen by amalgamation. Now comes a far larger band and this one, instead of joining or being joined, divides, and streaming out in two directions, follows one or other of those circling streams of restless hurrying flight that girdle, as with a zone of love and longing, the darksome, lonely-lying wood. A more immense crowd follows, and now, more and faster than the eye can follow, band grows upon band, the sky darkens, the air is heavy with the ceaseless sweep of pinions, till, glinting and gleaming, their weary wayfaring turned to swiftest arrows of triumphant flight—toil become ecstasy, prose an epic song—with rush and roar of wings, with a mighty commotion, the bands sweep together into one enormous cloud. And still they circle, now dense like a polished roof, now disseminated like the meshes of some vast all-heaven-sweeping net, now darkening, now flashing out a million rays of light, wheeling, rending, tearing, darting, crossing and piercing one another—a madness in the sky. All is the starlings now, they are no more birds but a part of elemental nature, a thing—ffecting and controlling other things. Through them one sees the sunset, the sky must peep through their chinks. Surely all must now be come. But, as the thought arises, a black, portentous cloud shapes itself on the distant horizon; swiftly it comes up gathering into its vast ocean the small streams and dribbles of flight, it approaches the mighty host and is the mightier, devours, absorbs it, and sailing grandly on the vast accumulated multitude seems now to make the very air, and be itself the sky. As a rule this great concourse separates, again, into two main and various smaller bodies, and it is now, and more especially amongst the latter, that one may witness those beautiful and varied evolutions which are equally a charm to the eye and a puzzle to the brain. Each band, as it circles round, permeated with a fire of excitement and glad alacrity, assumes diverse shapes, becoming, with the quickness of light, a balloon, an oil-flask, a long, narrow myriad-winged serpent rapidly thridding the air, a comet with tail stretched suddenly out or a huge scarf flung about the sky in folds and shimmers. A mass of flying birds must, indeed, assume some shape, though it is only on these occasions that one sees such shapes as these. More evidential of similar and simultaneous motion throughout a vast body are these striking colour-changes that are often witnessed. For instance a great flock of flying birds will be collectively of the usual dark brown shade. In one instant—as quickly as Sirius twinkles from green to red or red to gold—it has become a light grey. Another instant and it is again brown and this whilst the rapidly moving host seem to occupy the same space in the air, so lightning-quick have been the two flashes of motion and colour—for both may be visible—through the living medium—as though one had said "One, two" or blinked the eyes twice. Yet in the sky all is a constant quantity, the sinking sun has neither rushed in nor out; on all the wide landscape round no change of light and shade has fallen, and other bands of moving birds maintain their uniform hue. Obviously the effect has been due to a sudden change of angle in each bird's body in regard to the light—as when one rustles a shot-silk dress—and this change has shot, in the same second of time, through myriads of bodies.

The way, or, rather, ways, in which the starlings finally enter their wood is more interesting, perhaps, than all the rest; but space here fails me even for a brief abstract from a sheaf of notes. For the same reason I will but mention a peculiar note differing from all their other ones which the birds utter on these their restward journeys.

EDMUND SELOUS.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

POST LUCEM TENEBRAE 1882.

MY nimble thoughts have all too soon outrun
The laggard age and, pausing breathless, see
For laughter tears and for tranquillity
Unrest and for their much emotion none.
The old faiths have fallen behind me one by one
And left me sorrowful. It may well be
The day will dawn on others. As for me
I know I shall not live to see the sun.

Therefore herein shall be my comfort cold,
Hearing the knell of dear self-pity rung—
“Too late I came into a world too old”—
In my despair’s despite to answer “ Nay,
Too soon I came into a world too young—
Could I but watch one hour it were broad day !”

POST TENEBRAS LUX 1902.

Thou whom thus late I know for power divine,
Spirit of good, enkindle thou my cold,
Make thou humility not mockery mine
And make me in faith and not in flouting bold.

Break, brightness, on my dark and let my soul,
Whose long cold night of mockery melts away,
Spring to the sunrise like a thing made whole,
Ambitious of the dayspring and the day.

THE TRADE IN BULBS.

WE suppose that most people if they were asked to give offhand a list of manufactured products which have become most associated with popular pleasure and recreation during, say, the last twenty-five years would hardly get much further than bicycles. They would never dream of including in it the larger number of our modern flowers. The phrase manufactured product usually starts in the mind some notion of machinery, or things that machinery makes ; and who would think of calling flowers a manufactured article ? And yet what are our hyacinths, and tulips, and crocuses, and narcissi but beautiful products imagined, designed and put together with artful skill by the invention, craft and unwearying patience of the horticulturist ? Far the greater number of the flowers we admire most in our public and private gardens, that are on show at our exhibitions, and display themselves as decorations of our houses and at festivals, have come from the hand of man and are not the originals of natural processes. They have been made what nature never intended them to be, any more than she devised the diamond facets as it leaves the hands of the cutter. And man loves the productions of his own skill better than he loves nature ; and he will buy artificial flowers in numbers by millions, and in weight by tons, though he may pass by acres of wild flowers without being impressed by their charm. Hence the market for the flowers produced by art as that for pictures ; and in proportion as flowers and pictures are artistic they remove from nature though their original suggestions began with her. It is the happy lot of the flower artist and of the dealer in flowers that their beautiful goods may be made cheap enough to be on everybody’s table and in everybody’s back garden or his back yard ; and so long as there are plenty of flowers produced there will be plenty of buyers. They have only to be made cheap enough ; and this has been done within the last ten or twelve years just as other articles of commerce have been cheapened by cheapening production, and improving the communication between the grower and the buyer.

The man with the little garden walks round the public park and sees crocuses and daffodils, hyacinths and tulips by the thousand. He understands they are imported direct from Holland by very large users of the bulbs. He hears of the Messrs. Carter who import large quantities direct from Holland ; he learns, moreover, that the Dutch growers send over large consignments to auctioneering agents who sell on commission, and from whom he may purchase at auction in competition with the flower shopkeepers what he would otherwise have to purchase indirectly through them. And so through these means, by catalogues and otherwise, such as talks with friends, the information has spread until all the world knows of the market for Dutch and French and Japanese bulbs. The “flower roots” begin to arrive here, chiefly from Holland, for sale about mid-way in August, and continue until December. Holland still remains the largest producer of bulbs which she cultivates with as little non-commercial sentiment as she would apply to the growing of cabbages. We cannot rival her in the hyacinth and the tulip ; but Messrs. Barr have made the multitudinous varieties of the daffodil famous over all in the markets of Australia and New Zealand, as well as in the markets and streets of the towns of Great Britain. But in the auction marts in London, such as those of Messrs. Prothero and Morris or Mr. Stevens, may be best estimated the growth of the sales of the Dutch, French and Japanese bulbs, the last consisting mainly of lilies. It is from such auctions that the enormous quantities of those bulbs are transferred through dealers to the shops, or to private buyers who have learned the secret of purchase almost as direct and as convenient as it could be from the grower. We shall not enter into the controversy between these sellers on the rostrum and such importers as the Messrs. Carter as to the respective qualities of their goods. Each asserts of course that the other’s consignments are not better than his own, one of them asserts that the others are inferior to his. People who are sufficiently experienced in buying are disposed to put the matter in this way ; that the merits of the bulbs are not measured by the mere differences in price that are given for them. You may in this as in other cases, if you care to be fastidious, cultivate a little exclusiveness without being really served better in proportion. The great mass of buyers are not intending to be “growers” or “shoers” in the expert meaning of the word : they want the beauty and the pleasure of the flowers that the floral artists have produced for them, and they can be gratified without extravagant expenditure. Thus a market has been provided for them conveniently at hand, and the records of sales, say for example, at the Central Auction Rooms, give a very good idea of the way in which the trade has grown.

It is an astounding trade as so measured and taken as an example of what others do in the same line, as tradesmen say. Take the Japanese trade there which comes next in importance to the Dutch. During last season eighty tons of lily roots were sold, and this amounts in numbers to about three millions. But this is nothing to the Dutch trade, if we take the same basis of weight and numbers as in the Japanese instance. The average sale is sixty tons per week, which is in numbers about two million five hundred thousand. The season lasts about four months—sixteen weeks—so that in weight nine hundred and sixty tons are sold ; and this amounts in numbers to the almost incredible sum of forty millions. Evidently with the vast quantity of bulbs coming steadily in week by week sales must be held constantly, and the goods must be disposed of or they would accumulate past all possibilities of storage. Twenty-five years ago when the trade was so small that only one ton per week was sold there was only one sale each week. Now five days’ sales are held during the week, and the average of each day is about twelve tons. On an exceptional day such as the first day of the present season, 18 August, the exceptional amount of twenty-five tons was disposed of. There were special reasons for this, and the average of the season is not likely to be much more, if any, than the average of sixty tons per week of last year. The Japanese trade has grown in a similar manner if not to a proportionate extent ; and the sales now represent roughly ten times the amount of business done

twenty years ago. The French trade also, which consists chiefly of Roman hyacinths and forcing narcissi, intended mostly for indoor growing and the nurseryman to raise from, has increased but not to anything like the extent of the Dutch. There are no leaps and bounds to chronicle but it has grown steadily. At Messrs. Prothero and Morris', for example, there are sold during the season as many French bulbs as there are of Dutch in the week; that is about sixty tons. One reason why the French trade does not show such remarkable progress is that it is more specialised. The French do not grow for everybody as do the Dutch. They grow not for the home and the outdoor grower but for the indoor grower and the nurseryman, whose demands are not increasing in the same ratio as the outdoor gardener's and those who want the flowers for ordinary ornamental purposes and the gratification of aesthetic tastes. Another reason is a purely business one, and shows that the French have not mastered the secret of the bulb trade that a steady supply will give rise to a steady demand. The French growers put a reserve price on their goods, which prevents their steady and continuous sale. A consignment from France will often stay in the sale-rooms for some time because the reserve price is not reached, and the trade becomes restricted in consequence. So much for the trade side of these beautiful products of nature and art over which the poet, the artist, and the enthusiast for beauty have poured forth their souls in verse and prose. Commerce in cheap things in these days usually supplies us with unmitigated ugliness. The cheap commerce in bulbs has surrounded us on every side with a profusion of beauty. It is a glorious exception to a squalid rule.

MORE ABOUT SURRENDER VALUES.

WE have previously shown that many life assurance companies fail to give adequate information about the cash they are prepared to pay for policies which are surrendered, and we have stated that life policies may frequently be sold by auction for a larger amount than the surrender value. Some figures showing the surrender values of policies in different offices will illustrate the great variety of practice which exists and the advisability of this point being considered before a policy is taken.

The fairest basis for comparison is the sum assured and the surrender values guaranteed for a uniform premium of, say, £100 per annum. We will first consider policies which do not participate in profits. At age 35 at entry one office gives a policy payable at death for £4,437 and promises a surrender value of £200 at the end of 5 years, £488 after 10 years, £821 after 15 years and £1,184 after 20 years. For a similar premium and policy the corresponding figures are £3,979 assured, £165 in 5 years, £330 in 10 years, £495 in 15 years and £560 on surrender after 20 years. These two policies are similar in every way except for the amounts of the policy and surrender values. The difference in the sum assured is £458 and in the surrender values after 5, 10, 15 and 20 years the latter policy is worse than the former to the extent of £35, £158, £326 and £624 respectively. These two policies illustrate the extremes of good and bad policies but even when the differences are less the importance of paying attention to the amounts of the surrender values is sufficiently obvious.

When policies participate in profits the differences are even greater, but here the bonus-earning powers of various companies have to be considered in addition to the surrender values. The following figures give the sums assured as increased by bonuses under a whole life policy effected at age 35 at a premium of £100 a year. In the first year one office assures £3,774 and another £3,604: in 5 years the figures are £4,038 and £3,701 and in 20 years £4,317 and £3,943. The surrender values after 5 years are £336 in one company and £160 in the other, and after 20 years £740 and £360 respectively. Thus a policy-holder choosing the second of these two companies loses, in the event of death, in the first year £170, in 5 years £337 and

in 20 years £374. His loss in the event of surrender is £176 in 5 years and £380 after 20 years. There are no features of the second policy in any way superior to the first, in fact such other differences as exist are rather in favour of the policy which is so markedly superior in regard to the amounts assured and the surrender values. The figures we have quoted exhibit two radically different methods of treating policy-holders. Some companies adhere to the old-fashioned idea that a policy-holder who fails to keep up the payment of premiums breaks his contract with the office and must be made to suffer for so doing. There was some justification for this view many years ago, but modern notions of mutual life assurance, of the co-operation of many for the benefit of all, regard as unfair all attempts to make undue profit out of any policy-holder, whether he maintains or surrenders his policy. It is superfluous to argue which course is the more appropriate. Many companies having adopted liberal surrender values, competition will gradually but surely compel other offices to follow their example. Whether ancient or modern ideas upon the subject have the better justification, there is no question which system is the better for policy-holders. It is sometimes urged that liberality in regard to surrender values and other policy conditions is expensive and tends to reduce bonuses. To a small extent this is true but statistics show that the offices which give the most liberal conditions are precisely those whose financial positions are strongest and whose bonus prospects are best. Naturally the strongest offices can best afford to be liberal. This is only another instance of that feature which is characteristic of life assurance offices alone among financial institutions. In other investments, sound security and high dividends, raise the price and lower the return upon the amount invested. In life assurance on the other hand, the better the security, the greater the benefits and the more liberal the policy conditions. In stocks and shares the better the security the lower the return upon the purchase price, hence the necessity for sometimes buying inferior securities, but in life assurance the best security is the best all round and hence the double necessity for the careful selection of a life assurance policy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dharmasala
N. India 1902.

SIR,—May I revert to your articles on Oxford University and the Civil Service exams. (S. R. 1 and 8 March, 1902)? It seems to me that discussion of this question from the Oxford point of view tends to obscure the real issues at stake. The revolution of 1892 had for its sole object the improvement of the public service. Your correspondents bewail the inability of Oxford to maintain her monopoly of that service. The success of a Cambridge man who, after taking his Tripos, spends a year in Powis Square, correlating his facts and supplementing his education, cannot without further argument be set down as a national misfortune.

The question must be approached from the only adequate standpoint—that of public utility—and while it is impossible as yet to pronounce on the system a judgment based on its results, the experience of ten years has undoubtedly brought to light defects in the examination itself, which demand an early remedy.

Adopting the assumption on which the present system is based—namely that a competitive examination of men between 21 and 23 will result in the success of the best educated, and therefore of the best, men—we may inquire whether the examination as at present constituted offers the best possible test of education. Your correspondents agree that it does not—basing

their argument on the success of the crammer. At first sight the argument thus based seems unanswered, since it was with the express object of defeating the crammer that the regulations of 1892 were framed. But the modern system of cramming is very different from that which obtained before 1892, and, further, what is fatal to the intellect of 18, may be harmless and even beneficial to that of 22.

The popular idea of a cramming establishment is that of a place where facts, dates, and formulæ are ceaselessly and indigestibly swallowed by the victims, without any attempt at correlation or inference. Cram, to ninety-nine men out of a hundred, means the rapid acquisition of temporary and superficial knowledge. To anyone who knows the system pursued by Messrs. Wren, Scoones and others, this idea is merely ludicrous. It would be difficult to match the thoroughness of the modern crammer's teaching.

True, this teaching is directed to an end, and very well directed. But how many men in Oxford attend lectures which are admittedly "no good for the schools"? What is it that empties a don's lecture-room—is it his insistence on pertinent subjects, to the exclusion of extraneous and irrelevant matter? Or is it the fact that he is, all unconsciously, "no good for the schools"? In these days even the undergraduate is sadly practical. Can it be then that the crammer has studied the Oxford system and carried it further? It is evidently this fear that haunts your correspondent, and inspires him with the mediæval idea of defeating the crammer by persecution. "No candidate shall be eligible, who has not passed a certain number of years at a University!" This is protection with a vengeance! Has Oxford indeed fallen so low?

Your correspondent fears that in time the crammer will oust the University. Let him take heart of grace. There is a maximum of cultivation even in educational economics. An inspection of the "Oxford Magazine" statistics for the last few years will show that, while the number of successful men who have crammed increases, the time they spend at the crammer's is becoming gradually defined to one year or less. In 1901, only four men out of 94 on the list had completed two years at a crammer's.

Thus the crammer's function is becoming recognised as supplementary, not only by the candidates, but by the crammers themselves. It is already unprofitable and will soon become anomalous, for a man to go to a crammer without first spending some years at a University. But why not recognise at once that some degree of special preparation is needed for any competition, whether it be a horse-show or an examination? A man wants his good points emphasised and adorned before an examination, as a shire-horse does before a show. Let me give instances from personal knowledge. Two men came up to a crammer's from the universities—one had a first (I.I) to his credit in the Classical Tripos. He knew his Thucydides by heart and was totally unable to answer a comprehensive question on the Peloponnesian War. The other had taken a philosophy first in Greats and knew nothing of the physiological basis of his psychology. May we not hazard that a course of Holm for the one and Hæchel for the other will be in the highest degree educational? That is what the crammer prescribed, and such cases are by no means uncommon.

But I hold no brief for the crammers. By attacking them, and by half-heartedly confessing the imperfections of the Oxford teaching, reformers are beginning at the wrong end. It is the Civil Service Commissioners who are responsible for making the examination as adequate a test of education as such an instrument can become. Let us therefore attack the Commissioners.

And here again we must clear the ground of a misconception put forth as indisputable by one of your contributors. A large number of subjects, it is said, is a proof of cram. In the list for 1901, Mr. Keith, who heads it, takes fifteen subjects. Mr. Stewart who comes second takes the same number. Neither of them has been crammed. To limit in any way the number of subjects that may be offered would unjustly prejudice the man who has—for example—read Greats and History. A man who has deepened his intellectual power and widened his interests by a com-

prehensive grasp of subjects is surely not thereby rendered unfit for administration.

But there are reforms in this connexion which may be safely urged. The "minimum mark-getting proficiency" might well be advanced from one quarter of the maximum to one-third or two-fifths. Connected subjects should be inseparable—by which I mean that a candidate should not be allowed to offer Greek history (for instance) without Greek language and literature.

Subjects that admit of cram in its old sense, such as Roman Law (which has been known to repay a week's study with 200 marks) should be severely dealt with, and a knowledge of original authorities should be especially insisted upon. Furthermore the examination in this subject should not be so placed that everyone except the scientist has a clear week in which to get it up!

The questions set admit of great improvement. I take this to be the crucial point of the whole discussion. If the questions are really test questions, involving for their adequate solution a faculty of generalisation, a power of deduction from facts and an ability to compare and contrast—based, be it understood, on a competent knowledge of the facts—then all else is of little moment. The best men are bound to come to the front, and the man who has swallowed his tags whole is nowhere.

Let me give one instance of the kind of question which should not be set. A few years ago the examiner in Roman History set the following: "What do you know of M. Porcius Cato?" One can imagine the man of cram writing down the résumé of the chief events in Cato's life which he has carefully learned by heart. One cannot, on the other hand, imagine a Greats man with any self-respect condescending to touch the question.

Why questions are set in this form is obvious enough—they are far easier to mark than those which demand some intellectual effort, and the examiner is in a hurry.

The musical world was scandalised the other day by two examiners, who put the candidates through their paces in ten minutes, in order to be in time to join a pleasure excursion. If the I. C. S. examiners are driven to such shifts by press of work, then let the work be further subdivided. Let each man look over one half, or if need be one quarter, of a paper. Let all the questions set be passed by a board or by some one man who is not interested in minimising the labour of the examiner.

Lastly let there be a *viva voce* examination in everything—not for every man, but for those who, the examiner considers, would either establish their knowledge, or reveal their nakedness, by its means. The influence of a prospective *viva* is wholesome in several ways.

I have been advocating reforms mainly from the point of view of classics and history. I am well aware that they are crude, that they present difficulties, and that they may not be applicable to science or mathematics. If however others, who are interested in this question, would make suggestions, confining these, together with their invective, to subjects within their own experience, the SATURDAY REVIEW might be able to formulate a scheme of internal reform not wholly unworthy the consideration of the Civil Service Commissioners.

I have, &c.

CIVILIAN.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE MANIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Stonehaven, N.B.

SIR,—In the second article in the SATURDAY REVIEW on this subject, it is stated: "Of these [parallelisms in the works of Shakespeare and Bacon] we will begin by saying that there is literally not one which is not common either to Elizabethan writers generally, or to the classical and mediæval writers on whom the Elizabethans habitually drew."

Well, there is a word "dexterously" used in "The Advancement of Learning" and also in "Twelfth Night". Can any of your readers supply a third use of the word in the periods anterior to or contemporary with the age of Bacon and Shakespeare? If they are unable to do this, may I ask, is it not remarkable that previous to 1635. this word was only used twice—once by Bacon and once by Shakespeare?

I am, &c.

G. S.

[If G. S. instead of troubling himself to write to us had first troubled himself to consult the most obvious source of information, Murray's Dictionary, he would have seen that the words "dexterous" and "dexterously" are habitually used by the writers of the seventeenth century.—ED. S. R.]

METAPHYSIC AMONG THE BRICKBATS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Didsbury, 18 August, 1902.

SIR,—Your writer of the notice of the 5th vol. of "Heresies" implies condemnation because I do not keep metaphysic out of a work devoted to metaphysic, and he advises me "to send metaphysics to Germany". I shall be glad to adopt his suggestion if he will kindly, when he has an hour or so to spare, translate my work into German. I should like it to go to the land of Kant, Fichte and Hegel, though it has not much congruity with the systems of those master minds. Your writer further implies condemnation because I "offer the public a mass of utterly incomprehensible sentences". I surmise that the incomprehensibility is only speculatively relative to the general public, consoling myself with the reflection that it takes a tolerably clever fellow to pile up a mass of utterly incomprehensible sentences which a critic of the SATURDAY REVIEW will deign to read, let alone notice in that great organ. Perhaps the general public may ultimately discover some meaning in the sentences. Whatever happens, the sentences are offered to the general public because it is being driven to atheism and general hoggism by a dogma of causality which has no legitimate applicability to the highest concerns of humanity. Metaphysic, which necessitates the sentences, is the only means of knocking the general public's snout out of the swill-trough.

To conclude, Sir, there are many facts as well attested as are the facts vouched for in a treatise on physics, and "science" is no more able to account for these facts than a rolling-pin is able to account for a cabbage. Metaphysic goes one better than "science", and accounts for these facts. Looking at the case all round, I submit that it is not criminal to offer metaphysic to the general public, and that if the general public will not take as much trouble to apprehend the terminology of metaphysic as that public takes to apprehend the terminology of "science", it deserves to be choked by the swill. Thanking you, in anticipation, for the insertion of these lines,

I am, yours truly,

H. CROFT HILLER.

[We are not at all insensible of the claims of Dr. Hiller's ideal or of his singular ability, which we have heard described as "bordering on genius." Our objection is not to metaphysic, but to incomprehensible metaphysic.—ED. S. R.]

AUTHORITIES FOR "NIMIETY".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Christ's College, Christchurch, N.Z., 6 June, 1902.

SIR,—In a review of Webster's International Dictionary, which appears in your issue of 8 March under

the heading "Old and New Dictionaries", your reviewer asks if the Oxford Dictionary when it gets to the letter N will give any further authority for the use of the word "Nimety" of which Coleridge seems to have the monopoly. If he turns to "A Pisgah Sight of Palestine", p. 618, ed. 1869, in the works of Thomas Fuller he will read "Such is the *nimety* of my caution herein, who have Egyptianised this map to purpose". He will also find the passage quoted and the reference given on p. 61 of Dr. Morris' Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar where, to be perfectly candid, I encountered it myself. Coleridge was particularly well versed in his Old English divines, and doubtless well seen in Fuller.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

W. DOUGLAS ANDERSON.

P.S.—If your reviewer is charitably disposed he might inform me who is the Monardus referred to by Sir Walter Raleigh in his "Discovery of Guinea", where he describes a beast "called by the Spaniards Armadillo with a white horn growing in its hinder parts, as big as a great hunting horn. Monardus writeth that a little of the powder of that horn put into the ear cureth deafness". I confess a hopeless ignorance of the authority cited but regard the sentence much as Hamlet regarded "mobled queen".

[We have pleasure in mentioning in answer to our correspondent's question with regard to Monardus that he will find in "Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America" published by the Clarendon Press in 1900 (second edition) a note on the passage he himself quotes, wherein Monardus is referred to on page 236 as Monardes and the passage cited as occurring in his Historia Medicinae 1574 : English version 1577.—ED. S. R.]

"SCOTCH", "SCOTS" AND "SCOTTISH".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Partickhill, Glasgow, 11 August, 1902.

SIR,—The disinclination to undertake "a painful analysis" has, I think, led Mr. MacRitchie astray on the question of the relative frequency of the adjectives "Scottish" and "Scotch" in Sir Walter Scott's works. It will be admitted that an analysis of one complete novel should give a fair indication of the author's usage; and, choosing a novel at random, on going over "Quentin Durward", including prefaces, footnotes and appendix, I find it works out as follows:—"Scottish", 105; "Scots", 1; "Scotch", 1.

From the above I take it that the "theorising", with which "Scoticanus" charges others, would be better applied to himself; and, as a further sample of the untrustworthiness of his assertions, an examination of the "autobiographical fragment" reveals the total references to be:—"Scottishman", 1; "Scotchman", 1; "Scottish", 2; "Scotch", 1; "Scots", 1; "Scotchman" occurring only in a footnote, and "Scotch" and "Scots" where the author speaks of "Scotch Law" and "Scots Law". Further, a glance over the first nine chapters of "Rob Roy" shows that "Scottish" occurs six times and "Scotch" four times.

It is a mere begging of the question to refer to the absurdity of "Scottish snuff, jam, &c.". As we are blest with a choice of adjectives some distinction ought to be shown in their application,—"Scottish" only for persons, and "Scotch" for the snuff, &c.

By the way, it may interest "Scoticanus" to learn that the "almost unknown form 'Scottishman'" runs a dead heat in "Quentin Durward" with "Scotchman", —three times each. "Scotsman" occurs seven times, and "Scot" no less than seventy-eight (78) times.

I am, Sir,

AN ORDINARY SCOTTISHMAN.

REVIEWS.

HUXLEY'S SCIENTIFIC WORK.

"The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley."
Edited by Sir M. Foster and Professor E. Ray Lankester. Vol. IV. London : Macmillan. 1902.
30s. net.

WITH this volume the editors of Huxley's Scientific Memoirs have ended their considerable and valuable services to the scientific public. In the four volumes the whole of Huxley's scientific work is not included; works like the Ray Society Memoir, the International scientific volume on the Crayfish, and a number of text-books that contained real contributions to knowledge, could not be included in the present reprint; moreover the editors, perhaps from a too confident reliance on the completeness of the Royal Society's Catalogue of Scientific Literature, have missed one or two memoirs. Publications containing the results of scientific research are seldom financially profitable, and the investigator has to issue his work by the aid of the great scientific societies. The older libraries, no doubt, are provided with the Transactions, Proceedings, Journals, and so forth of such societies, but the younger libraries and most private persons cannot stock their shelves in a fashion so sumptuous, and to them this collected edition should prove extremely attractive.

The fourth volume contains papers published from 1874 onwards. Huxley's work on extinct forms was gradually drawing to an end, and, if comparison be made with the earlier volumes, it will be found that a relatively small amount of his attention was being given to palaeontology in the period covered by the final volume. On the other hand, notwithstanding the great bulk of public work that fell to his lot, Huxley had time to devote much attention to comparative anatomy, and many of his best-known papers fall within this period. The stimulus given to zoology by Darwin had as its immediate result the production of a greatly increased output of research, and Huxley was an assiduous student of the contemporary literature of zoology. Employing his unusual co-ordinating powers on the diffuse mass of zoological knowledge, he did much work that was in a sense more useful and more fertile than the actual production of new facts. In the memoir "On the Classification of the Animal Kingdom", for instance, he used the new knowledge of anatomy and embryology to place the arrangement of the animal kingdom on a philosophical basis, but at the same time damped down the too ardent zeal of many writers who had used speculations as to descent in their arrangements. The essay was "an attempt to set a good example, and, without reference to phylogeny, to draw up a classification of the animal kingdom, which, as a fair statement of what, at present, appear to be well-established facts, may have some chance of permanence, in principle, if not in detail, while the successive phylogenetic schemes come and go". Many such schemes have indeed come and gone since the essay was published, and yet the main conclusions to which Huxley was led by his more restrained method have survived. In one respect, however, zoologists of the present time are learning to push Huxley's conservatism even further; Huxley made a large use of embryological facts in his classification; the more knowledge of embryology advances the less certain seem taxonomic conclusions based upon it.

One of the most interesting memoirs in the volume is that on the Crayfishes. Huxley was attracted to the subject by the complex problems offered by the geographical distribution of these forms, and he proceeded to collect and examine examples from different regions of the world. He made out the existence of anatomical peculiarities, chiefly in connexion with the gills, and showed that these bore a definite relationship to the geographical distribution. In fact, as in other groups of animals, he found that apart from modifications produced by similar external conditions, anatomical differences followed differences in habitat. Huxley's suggested explanation of this, in the case of the crayfishes, was that the original stock was marine and widespread in the ocean and that in different regions the various crayfishes had independently ascended rivers and become adapted to fresh water.

In a short notice it is impossible even to mention the greater number of the important memoirs contained in this volume. There is more than enough exact work to have formed the basis of a great anatomical reputation. The memoirs on the Lung-fishes, showing that these curious half-amphibian fish represent an extremely ancient type, and those on the classification of Mammalia, are incorporated in the body of zoology and mark definite stages in the advancement of knowledge. The one botanical paper in the volume, that on the "Gentians" is not only interesting in itself as showing the application of the methods of comparative anatomy to plants, but is striking as an example of Huxley's passion for investigation. His health had been indifferent and he was sent to Switzerland for rest and change. At Arolla he was attracted by the gentians in the woods and pastures, and, finding that the works of reference, to which he had immediate access, were not in accurate correspondence with the natural facts, he at once set about making a scientific arrangement for himself. When he returned to London he obtained the gentians of other localities, and, after a few months, produced what is now a standard work on the subject.

This volume contains many indications of the extent to which Huxley was engaged in public work. As a member of royal commissions he had had occasion to visit every important fishing station in the United Kingdom, and, in a lecture on the Herring, delivered at the National Fishery Exhibition at Norwich, he not only brought together and put in a popular form the natural history of the most important economic fish, but, in his convincing fashion, drew attention to the necessity of accurate scientific study of food-fishes. Here too are contained his extremely valuable contributions to knowledge of salmon-disease. Before Huxley investigated the subject, it was known that this disease was caused by the presence of a micro-organism, a mould not unlike that which is the active agent in potato-disease. Some such disease-causing organisms are true parasites—that is to say, they are capable of living only on a living body. In such a case, infection of a new victim takes place practically only by direct contact with the body of a fish already suffering from the disease. Huxley showed that the Saprolegnia of salmon-disease lived not only as a parasite but as a saprophyte, that is to say that it could multiply not only directly on a living body but on decaying animal matter. By infecting the bodies of dead flies from living fish, he was able to cultivate the disease for several generations, and so to show how in actual nature certain rivers or areas might be a permanent seat of the disease.

The last memoir in this volume is not only interesting in itself but throws a pleasant light on Huxley's character. By natural disposition he was pugnacious, and the chance that he became the leader in the formidable battle that followed the publication of the "Origin of Species" did not tend to mollify his dialectic. Sir Richard Owen, after a short period of hesitation, not only had thrown the weight of his influence and authority against Darwin and Huxley, but had been the secret inspirer of some peculiarly bitter attacks upon them. A series of lively encounters, verbal and written, had occurred between Owen and Huxley, and the latter had taken no pains to conceal his dislike and distrust of Owen. None the less, when a grandson was preparing a "Life and Letters", he asked Huxley to contribute a chapter on Owen's place in science. The idea was an inspiration happy for the reputations alike of Huxley and of Owen. Owen's considerable contributions to science were described and estimated by the contemporary best able to appreciate them, and Huxley had the opportunity of showing not only a personal magnanimity, but the high capacity of distinguishing between a man and his work.

TRAVELS IN WESTERN PERSIA.

"An Autumn Tour in Western Persia." By E. R. Durand. Constable. 1902. 7s. 6d. net.

THE Shah is with us in England, and Persia is undoubtedly receiving its full share of attention just now. Not only have the newspapers been full

of the political problem connected with the Persian Gulf and the Baghdad railway, but several important works have appeared dealing with the commercial, political, and archaeological interests of the country. Such were the elaborate account of Khurasan published by the Consul-General at Meshhed, Colonel Yate, and the no less minute and valuable description of Southern Persia by Major Sykes of Kerman. Since these appeared Mr. Wilfrid Sparrow has given us a picture of an English tutor's life in the "Shadow of the Sultan's" palace at Ispahan, and now Lady Durand describes an autumn tour made with her husband at the time when Sir Mortimer was Minister at Teheran. The Legation party travelled south to Ispahan, thence turned westward across the Bakhtiari country to Ahwaz on the Karun river, returning north by way of Luristan to the capital after eighty days' absence. The object of the expedition was partly to investigate the possibilities of better communication between Ispahan and the ports on the Gulf, and especially to study Messrs. Lynch's plan of a trade route by way of the Karun and Ahwaz. Lady Durand gives some interesting information as to the progress of this enterprising scheme, which promises to reduce the time of transit between Ispahan and the Gulf by at least one half, but her resolute refusal to touch upon anything political—a necessary self-denying ordinance in a Minister's wife—leaves much unwritten that would have been of considerable value in estimating the commercial elements of the present Persian question. The book is avowedly nothing more than a plain record of travel, and does not profess originality. The country traversed had already been admirably described by Mrs. Bishop, and half a century earlier by Layard, and it would be difficult to find anything remarkably new to say about it. Lady Durand nevertheless contrives to carry the reader pleasantly along with her through the savage and inhospitable regions she explored with evident enjoyment, and the rigours of the climate and the difficulties of the mountain passes seem to have had no terrors for her. Yet Persia is not exactly a comfortable land to travel in. It is undoubtedly "the land of the sun", which blazes relentlessly without a cloud in the sky for at least three hundred days in the year; but in winter anywhere out of direct sunshine it is apt to be desperately cold:

"It is difficult in Persia to hit off the time for an extended tour. One is burnt or frozen if one starts a little too early or too late in the year; and even in a day and night one can be both, for on the coldest winter day the Persian sun is very hot. In Tehran, where the wings of the Legation point to the north, we used to have all through the winter a strip of ground frozen hard and big heaps of snow to right and left. The sun never fell on them. A few yards away, in the sun, it was too hot to sit and read. It is in many respects a lovely climate, sunny and clear beyond anything I have seen. Even after a fall of snow the sky is generally cloudless in a few hours, and the snow lies glittering like diamonds. . . . One day in 1895 when we were skating on beautiful ice, with snow lying all round us, the thermometer in the sun stood at 90°."

The travellers ran a near risk of being snow-bound in their return journey over the Lur mountains, and they certainly enjoyed every variety of rough roads. The Bakhtiaris prefer stony roads, and have an objection to one that is "saf" or smooth, which however means practically anything short of a precipice. Lady Durand had ample experience of the peculiarities of Persian routes. She crossed the rickety wicker bridge over the Bazuft, crawled by the path along the face of the rock near Godar, had no serious objection literally to overhanging precipices on her side-saddle, turned nasty corners, scrambled over boulders or up a rocky track with a rise of one foot in two, with blood-stains to show where the advanced mules had stumbled and cut their knees; she was carried in the cradle over the chasm at Godar, which Messrs. Lynch have since spanned by an English iron bridge; and she was frequently obliged to camp in pouring rain, deafened by the tempest, soaked to the skin, and deprived of the most ordinary necessities in a land beyond the range of milk and butter, where potatoes were unknown. At Ahwaz she gave a dinner party to the few English residents:—

"We had brought with us two square single-pole tents across the mountains for such purposes. We had also brought with us plenty of wine and glass and china. But alas! when we arrived in Ahwaz the rough mountain journey had been too much for us. Our chairs, beautiful camp folding chairs of the most solid make, were all broken but three. Our lamps were all disabled, and our candlesticks had only two glass shades left. Plates we had, and wine; but the glass box, with the glasses cunningly packed in little compartments, had fallen down one of the numerous precipices with a mule, and hardly enough glasses remained for half a dozen people. Finally it came on to pour with rain, and the tents were dripping, and all around them was a morass. I remember looking out with a feeling of utter despair across pools of water, gleaming in the light of some lamps the Meades had lent us, bristling with raindrops, while my guests waded through the mud under their umbrellas, and the rain roared on the canvas roof over my head. Dear kind people! how good and pleasant they were! But oh the rain and the misery of it! That evening too we received bad news from Africa. Glencoe and Dundee were gone, and our troops were shut up in Ladysmith. It was very depressing altogether, and the servants were all cross, and I could have cried as I went over at midnight through the puddles and the mud and rain to my little Kabul tent."

"Just like Provy!" as Captain Burton remarked during a similar catastrophe at Trieste. It needed no little pluck to keep up one's spirits in such circumstances, and the gentleman of England who sits at home at ease will perhaps question whether all this trouble was worth the while. To those who are not born travellers it certainly was not. But there were the attractions of wonderful scenery, there was the triumph of overcoming difficulties, and also an agreeable spice of danger, for though never seriously attacked there were constant rumours of tribal raids, and all these wholly outweighed and obliterated the discomforts. The "well-mannered courteous highland chiefs" of the Bakhtiari, who "were as pleasant to meet as any European could be", discussed Stanley's travels, the merits of English and French schools for boys, and the discoveries of bacteriology, were an unexpected novelty; and there were endless ruins of "the days of the Atabys", and long before them, from "Shushan the palace" downwards,—"Kharab shud" is the motto of that land,—to inspire curiosity and suggest historic recollections. With all its drawbacks it was an exciting and enjoyable tour, and Lady Durand has told her story well. Perhaps there is peril in this sentence: "Bishop Stuart whom I had known in India as a girl", it might suggest a girl being ordained and consecrated; but as a rule the style is clear and pleasant, and the book is written throughout in an unpretentious, genuine and appreciative manner that puts the reader immediately in sympathy with the author and the country she describes.

THE HEGELIAN PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

"The Origin and Significance of Hegel's Logic." By J. B. Baillie. London: Macmillan. 1901. 8s. 6d. net.

"Studies in Hegelian Cosmology." By J. M. E. McTaggart. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1901. 8s.

IT might be hard to decide whether the fascination which Hegel's system seems to possess for so many of our ablest thinkers will prove in the long run a good or a bad thing for British metaphysics. But it is at least certain, as is once more shown by these volumes, that the Hegelian movement begun by Dr. Hutchison Stirling and continued by Professors Caird, T. H. Green, Wallace, and other equally distinguished students, has been singularly fruitful in philosophic work of remarkably high quality. It is not difficult to see why Hegel should exercise so potent an influence over minds naturally inclined to speculative construction. The Hegelian system is perhaps the most brilliant, certainly the most audacious, attempt ever made by human reason to pluck the heart out of the

world's mystery, and to reconcile man and his surroundings and destiny by finding in self-conscious mind the fundamental principle of the universe.

Both in the thoroughgoing humanism of its principle and in the joyous self-confidence of its method, Hegelianism proved itself a true child, though not always a grateful child, of the great age of Revolution. "God is not a being beyond the stars, He is spirit of our own spirit"; these words from the "Lectures on the Philosophy of Religion" express the central thought of which Hegel's seventeen or eighteen volumes are the detailed expansion. So far there is perhaps no serious fundamental difference between Hegelianism and the other great idealistic systems of thought, particularly those of his immediate predecessors in the task of perfecting Kant's ideas, Fichte and Schelling. What is essentially and inseparably characteristic of Hegel among his spiritual compeers is his unique philosophic method. A rationalist in grain in the better sense of the word, Hegel has no patience with a philosophy of daring intuitions and brilliant aperçus. The principle of idealism, if true, must be capable of successful and systematic application to the whole range of human experience and science. And its applicability must not merely be established *ex post facto* by showing that the actual contents of science can be harmonised with the pre-suppositions of an idealistic philosophy. It must be shown that the various concepts by which everyday thought and science interpret the world form an inter-related system such that, with whatever member you begin, you are forced on, by the very nature of human reason, to a higher and more adequate concept until at last you reach the highest concept of all, that of self-conscious mind, as the real and final truth about the universe. Thus the Logic, which exhibits the system of concepts and traces the process by which the necessities of thought force us on from the lower to the fuller and higher conceptions of reality, becomes the centre of the whole system; in its author's daring phrase, it is intended to display "God as he is in his eternal nature, before the creation of the world or of any finite spirit". The rest of the system consists of a marvellously able and penetrating attempt to rediscover in the processes of organic and social development the same succession of stages which the Logic established for philosophic thought, and thus to identify the underlying spirit of history with the mind which thinks the categories of abstract metaphysics.

Magnificent as such an intellectual construction is in its breadth and boldness, there are obvious grounds for distrust when it is advanced, as it was by Hegel, as the last word of philosophy about the nature of the universe. To begin with, there is something repellent to many minds about the rationalistic assumption that any analysis of the categories of knowledge can exhaust the nature of concrete experience. Science, we feel, may possibly in the last resort be a procession of universal concepts, a "ballet of bloodless categories", but the same can hardly be true of living experience. In the life of actual feeling and emotion there is an element which vanishes the moment you pass to theoretical reflection and analysis; there is a mystical factor in real experience of which a philosophy that makes the examination of scientific concepts its one foundation can give no adequate account. And we cannot but feel that the Hegelian Logic, in spite of its claim to exhibit "God in his eternal nature", is almost as silent in the presence of this mystical factor as Job, when the Lord answered his questions out of the whirlwind.

Even if we contented ourselves with making the humbler claim for the system that it is, at least, a final and adequate systematisation of the concepts of knowledge, an ultimate *Wissenschaftslehre* though not an ultimate philosophy, our difficulties would only be lessened, not removed. For we have no guarantee that the categories of Hegel's philosophy are the only or even the most important categories which science uses, nor that the Hegelian arrangement of them is that which best exhibits their mutual relations. To take one or two instances; it is significant that the fundamental notion of serial order, which we now know to be the basis of the whole science of number, is absent from that part of the Logic which deals with the cate-

gories of mathematics. The analysis of the forms of inference which fills the first half of the third volume of the larger Logic has been largely rendered inadequate by the subsequent enormous developments of the great science of symbolic logic. The history of Philosophy, of Religion, of social development in general has had, since Hegel's death, to be re-written and estimated from fresh standpoints and in the light of new knowledge. All this largely destroys the value of the Hegelian construction as ultimate philosophic truth, while in no way detracting from its merit as a marvellous systematisation of the scientific and historical knowledge of Hegel's own age. His cardinal fault is that of all systematisers; his face is turned to the past rather than the future. As he "confounded the kingdom of Heaven with the kingdom of Prussia", so he tended to confuse the science of 1800-1830 with the final truth about nature and man. It could not be said of him by his most devoted admirer, as was finely said of Plato by Bacon, that he surveyed the future of science as Moses gazed from Pisgah on the land he was not to enter.

These difficulties are largely recognised by Mr. Baillie. In the concluding chapter of his book, the only one which departs far from the exposition of Hegel's doctrine in Hegel's own language, he sets them forth with admirable candour, and makes a courageous attempt to meet them. He abandons indeed the claim that the Logic gives a finally satisfactory analysis of experience in its concrete reality, but still contends that it is in principle adequate as an analysis of knowledge. It will be easier to judge of this contention if Mr. Baillie should proceed with the more detailed work on the Hegelian system to which reference is made in his preface. At present his statements as to the nature of experience and its relation to knowledge are hardly definite enough to enable a reader to feel quite clear as to his precise meaning. It augurs well, however, for his future work that the critical chapter is by far the most interesting and the most attractively written part of his book. In what precedes his modesty has led him to adhere to Hegel's own form of exposition, and largely to Hegel's own somewhat cryptic and irritating style of writing, to an extent which perhaps lessens the value of his work as an introduction to the logic for the "uninitiated". For the student who already knows something of Hegelian thought and language, it will prove a most valuable aid. Mr. Baillie has discharged the task of comparing the earlier stages of Hegel's thought, as indicated by his correspondence and occasional writings, with its final presentation in the Logic with admirable learning and industry. Also he has deserved well of all students of philosophic history by his elaborate demonstration of the connexion between Hegel's literary masterpiece, the "Phenomenology of Mind", and the more widely known "Science of Logic".

Mr. McTaggart's book, in spite of its apparently forbidding title, is one of less special interest, and ought to find readers among all educated persons who are interested in the philosophic discussion of human nature and human destiny, whether or not they are students of Hegelianism. Mr. McTaggart was already known by his previous work, "Studies in Hegelian Dialectic", as perhaps the most independent and ablest of contemporary English philosophers who can fairly be called "Hegelians". It is safe to predict that the present work will enhance his reputation both for ability and for independence. His ability is strikingly shown throughout the book; his independence most of all perhaps in his attempt to rehabilitate Hedonism, a moral doctrine which has hitherto been anathema to the orthodox Hegelians, and in his spirited attack upon the Hegelian identification of society or the State with the moral end. Mr. McTaggart's form of Hedonism, whether satisfactory or not, is certainly original. While he agrees with the Hegelian school generally in repudiating Pleasure as the moral end, he emphatically defends Pleasure as a useful standard or criterion by which to act in cases of practical perplexity. This position is, no doubt, logically unassailable; there is clearly no reason why something other than the ultimate moral end should not be useful as a practical guide to action, and the neglect of this consideration is a defect in most

of our current ethical theorising upon which Mr. McTaggart does well to insist. It might however be suggested that he makes his own position unnecessarily difficult by the assumption that the comparison of pleasure, if it occurs, must be made on a basis of quantity. The whole problem, in what sense, if any, pleasures and pains can be expressed as quantities, and how far quantitative comparison of pleasures or pains derived from fundamentally different sources is possible seems to be complicated by enormous difficulties to which Mr. McTaggart is perhaps a little blind. It is at least worth suggesting that any argument for Hedonism would gain in force by taking pleasures simply as distinguishable in quality and dropping the whole notion of a quantitative "calculus". In his attack upon the worship of the State, traditional in Hegelian circles and frequently expressed by the comparison of Society with an "organism", Mr. McTaggart is possibly more successful. In spite of Hegel's own rather brutal justification of Cossack enormities as an object-lesson in the truth of the doctrine that "the fashion of the world" passes away, English Hegelianism has always tended to limit the sphere of human duties and interests within the compass of an earthly society of exclusively human members to a degree which makes Mr. McTaggart's return to the older view of Society as after all but one instrument in the education of individual character exceedingly timely. Even those of us who do not find ourselves entirely convinced by the author's acute argument for human immortality may still feel that without relations to nature, and again to God, which cannot be brought into the category of "duties to Society", our personality would be a poor and incomplete thing indeed.

Of Mr. McTaggart's more specially ethical discussions of sin and punishment there is no space to speak in this article as they deserve. One can only call the attention of thinking men in general to so original and striking a treatment of questions which no man who takes the conduct of life as a serious matter can afford to disregard, whether or not he calls himself "philosopher" in the merely technical sense. Special commendation is due to the impartial and lucid examination of Hegel's attitude to historic Christianity, a subject on which there is perhaps no very great disagreement among students of his philosophy, but as to which there has been as yet far too little candid telling of the truth.

We have kept for our last word on Mr. McTaggart's book an expression of emphatic sympathy with his vindication of the mystical or emotional aspect of experience. In his concluding study he formally arrives at the conclusion that it is in love, in satisfied emotion which transcends alike mere knowledge and mere volition, that our personality finds its adequate expression. And such a love he insists, probably rightly, cannot be a mere emotional attitude towards "God", (cf. 1 John iv. 20: he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?) or the unity of the system of which we are members. Still less can it be directed upon that empty abstraction, "collective humanity", of which he wittily says that one might as well try to love a Post Office Directory. It is through relations of individual with individuals, known and loved as such, that all the individuals are indirectly united in the harmony of a single divine and perfect whole. *Scientia destruetur; caritas nunquam excidit.*

THE SEYMOURS.

"Annals of the Seymours." By H. St. Maur. London: Kegan Paul. 1902. £2 10s. net.

FAMILY histories are not as a rule light reading; and in many cases they are very infrequently read by members of the families themselves whose antiquity or whose dignity they celebrate. But even in cases where such works seem to contain nothing that is of interest to anybody beyond a small private circle, the student may often find in them incidental matter, which will throw some curious side-light on the social

life of the past: and in cases in which the families dealt with have played a considerable public part, and produced a succession of important and remarkable men, the family history may become a far more valuable document. Indeed it becomes so inevitably, in proportion to its accuracy and fulness. Mr. Harold St. Maur's *Annals of the Seymour Family* is a work to which these last observations are deservedly and eminently applicable. Much of it, moreover, is not only interesting to the student, but will also be found—as such works rarely are—entertaining by the general reader. Of English dukedoms that of Somerset is, in point of antiquity, second only to that of Norfolk. The latter is its senior by fifty-four years only; whilst the two which come next it are its juniors by more than a century. The family of St. Maur—or as it was subsequently spelt, Seymour—had, however, been not only honourable, but had also achieved high distinction, long before it rose to the dignity of a ducal house. It appears to have been one of those which came over to England with the Conqueror; but though there is much evidence to support this conclusion, it is not of a very precise, and for that reason not of a very interesting kind: and Mr. St. Maur finds a dozen pages sufficient for dealing with the first three hundred years of its history. Its annals, however, are precise from the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it was seated at Undy and Penhow in the county of Monmouth. The Castle of Penhow came into its possession by the marriage of Roger St. Maur in 1340 with the heiress of the Bowlays family: whilst his uncle, also a Roger, had married an heiress likewise—a daughter of John Beauchamp, Baron de la Hache. John Seymour, grandson of this lord, married Isabel, daughter of Mark Williams of Bristol, in 1424. His son, grandson, and great-grandson married respectively into the families of Coker, Darell, and Wentworth: and the great-grandson, John Seymour of Wolfhall, became, in 1509, father of a girl who was given the name of Jane, and she became subsequently the wife of one King, and the mother of another. It was the brother of Jane Seymour, three years older than herself, who having won the favour of King Henry as a young esquire of his household, was subsequently enriched by him out of the plunder taken from the Church. He was raised successively to the dignities of Baron Beauchamp, and Earl of Hertford; and on Henry's death, and in accordance with his will, he became regent of England, under the title of Lord Protector, and was at the same time created Duke of Somerset. He married twice—first the daughter of Sir William Fillol, secondly Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope. In the person of his grandson by the second marriage, the title of Duke of Somerset, forfeited by the Protector on his execution, was revived by a new creation at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and continued in his line till 1750, when it passed to the descendants of the Protector by his first wife, Catherine Fillol, whose eldest son Edward married Jane Walsh, an heiress; and purchased the well-known castle of Berry Pomeroy in Devonshire, where his successors allied themselves with the Champernownes, Carys, Portmans, and Pophams, and other families of the South and the West of England. Sir Edward Seymour, his lineal representative, succeeded as eighth duke to the honours of his kinsman, seven years after the latter's death. The present holder of the title is this duke's great-great-grandson.

From this brief sketch of the fortunes and circumstances of the family, and its intimate connexion, in critical and important circumstances, with well-known events of history, the reader will readily see that, if sufficient material for them be available, the Annals of the Seymours could not fail to be interesting. As a matter of fact the material happens to be abundant, a large part of it having been collected by the then Duke, early in the nineteenth century. To this Mr. St. Maur had added the results of his own researches; and the whole has been arranged by him in a manner which bears witness to his conscientious industry, and also reflects high credit on his literary skill and judgment. Apart from their bearing on what is commonly called history, these Annals illustrate in a very remarkable way the change of fortune to which an old

family is liable; the means by which in former ages wealth and influence were alternately gained and lost by it—the education, the careers and the alliances of its most prominent members. In addition to this they have the merit—not general in works of the kind—of being replete with personal anecdotes concerning well-known or picturesque figures. Such for example is a story of Frances, wife of one of the Earls of Hertford. This lady, a daughter of Viscount Howard, of Binden, began life with marrying a London merchant, named Pranell, who had no pretence to lineage, but who left her a large fortune. This lady was very proud of her own family; and her pride, stimulated by the wealth which she inherited from her humbler husband assumed proportions which rendered her ridiculous to everybody—her second husband, Lord Hertford, included. Whenever she exposed herself by her boasts of her Howard ancestry, Lord Hertford would playfully say to her "Frank, Frank, how long is it since you were married to Pranell?" Similar traits of manners and human nature occur in the sketch of the sixth Duke of Somerset, commonly called "the proud Duke". He it is of whom the well-known story is told, that his second wife having ventured to tap him on the shoulder with her fan, he turned round on her saying, "My first wife was a Percy, yet she never took such a liberty". The humour of the situation is increased when we learn from Mr. St. Maur's pages, that his first wife, who never took such a liberty, besides being his equal in point of distinguished ancestry, was the source from which he derived nearly all his wealth, the fortune which he inherited having been, for various reasons, wholly inadequate to the most ordinary requirements of his position. The "proud Duke" however, apart from his fantastic vanity, was a man of good feeling, good taste, high courage and independent principle. These latter qualities were evidenced in his reply to James II., who ordered him to act as the introducer of the Pope's Nuncio at Windsor. The Duke refused, on the ground that he could not do so without breaking the law. The King angrily exclaimed, "I will make you fear me as well as the law. Do not you know that I am above the law?" "Your Majesty", the Duke answered, "may be above the law, but I am not: and while I obey the law I fear nothing". Mr. St. Maur's volume is rich in anecdotes of this kind: and his anecdotes are generally more than mere idle gossip. They illustrate not only individual character, but the manners and the social and political life of past times also, and will command the "Annals of the Seymours" to the general reader, as well as to the genealogist and the historical student.

THE LAST PAGE OF EGYPTIAN ANNALS.

"The Story of the Khedivate." By Edward Dicey.
London: Rivingtons. 1902. 16s.

NOTHING can be more ridiculous in the eyes of Englishmen than the reputation which the foreign policy of their Governments has acquired abroad, we do not say among the few well informed, but among the mass of intelligent people. To such we seem to inherit a policy, able but unscrupulous, which our rulers pursue with Machiavellian astuteness, unhaunting but unresting, and in turn hand on to their successors who follow with equal persistence the same undeviating course. The only difference between our Governments is to be found in the more or less hypocrisy with which they pursue their ends. This theory, though again and again disproved by facts, is cherished to-day by many who should know better and the fact of our establishment in Egypt is a favourite instance of our turpitude. Yet the true story of our occupation of that country is better calculated than any other episode in our history to dispel the myth. Those who have forgotten the course of events since 1880 may refresh their memories by reading Mr. Dicey's book, or rather the latter half of it. When we boast of what we have done for Egypt it might be well for us to remember that we have always been extremely anxious to get quit of our obligations there. Other people saw long ago how eternal would be the pro-

visional occupation we were always so anxious to allege.

That there was nothing hypocritical in our continual assertions in this matter is quite evident from the beginning when we actually allowed, contrary to the expectation of every intelligent person of other nationalities in the country, the continued existence of those "International Boards" which, as Mr. Dicey says, "exercise a jurisdiction in their several departments quite independent of, and in most instances hostile to, the interests alike of England and of Egypt". The consequence is that we still find the railways and the Domain lands managed by these International Boards and justice is still administered by the International Courts. Several times our well-meant attempts to shuffle out of our position in Egypt have only been foiled by the conduct of France whom we have to thank no less for the fact that we originally occupied the country than that we are now fixed there for good; and yet, even after the Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1887, we hear that our position in Egypt is a triumph of Britannic craft and scheming!

The story of what Great Britain has done for Egypt has been told by Lord Milner and others. Mr. Dicey's narrative deals more particularly with the debts of Ismail and their consequences. It is of course impossible fully to understand the present position without some knowledge of the extravagance and, we fear we must add, the knavery of the Khedive Ismail, though Mr. Dicey has a tender feeling for that agreeable scoundrel. We refuse to be moved by the pathetic spectacle of his weary detention at Constantinople, debarred from the Carlsbad waters, and slowly dying of an enlarged liver. Whatever happened to him in the end he deserved, for he brought great troubles upon his country. The title of Khedive was granted to Ismail in 1863 by the Sultan and therefore the "Story of the Khedivate" does not include a record of the romantic career of the only really great member of the House, its founder, Mehemet Ali. The actual story of the Khedivial dynasty since it obtained the title is a tale of pecuniary difficulties and their unhappy results, unhappy for the dynasty, though the present system of administration cannot be other than a boon to the Fellaheen. But Mr. Dicey rightly points out that it is very doubtful how far the justice of our rule and a regular system of administration is really appreciated by an Oriental population. It is not indeed all pure gain for the Oriental to be forcibly prevented from getting injustice perpetrated for his own benefit, though it is agreeable to feel that his neighbour cannot practise injustice to his detriment. On the whole probably the old system is the more popular as may well be the case in India.

We agree with the author that the real excuse for our presence in Egypt, if we would be honest, is the interest of our Empire, and how far we have receded from the position not only of the Gladstonian Ministry of 1880 but from the Salisbury policy of the Anglo-Turkish Convention may be gauged by a glance at the despatch written by the Foreign Minister of the last Gladstonian Cabinet, reprimanding a Khedive for criticising the management of his own troops. For some years the story of the Khedivate has been merely a part of the story of England, and such it is likely to remain.

NOVELS.

"The Romance of an Eastern Prince." London: Grant Richards. 1902. 6s.

This anonymous romance, like the egg which the nervous curate ate at the Bishop's breakfast table, is good—in parts, but there is so much that is worse than indifferent as well that it needs a sense of duty or an avid appetite to go through with it. A Hindu prince having received part of his education in England suddenly disappears from his own country because he has aroused love in one whom he has called "sister"; and then, strictly incognito, he seeks to win the love of an Englishwoman for himself refusing the adventitious aids of his rank and wealth. He fails, and seeks Nirvana even though it should be followed by "ten thousand

incarnations", and though he has been tempted to put himself at the head of India as the tenth avatar of Krishna. The romance is supposed to be auto-biographic, and the writer disclaims knowledge of Western literature yet he slips into familiar quotations from Shakespeare, Scott and Lovelace, and though he talks glibly of Oriental matters does not persuade us that he is anything but a Western in masquerade. Some of the chapters dealing with action in India are interesting, but the greater part of the book is taken up by such wordy stuff as "Ah, my Seraphic Vision, little do you know how I love you! Oh, if you would only grant me your love! What a bridal we would have—oh, what a bridal we would have!" Truly a bridle is necessary. Incidentally the author says that the British Empire in India is doomed as soon as a man arises as the tenth avatar of Krishna to lead the people, but for the most part his work is a partially Orientalised echo from the "Englishwoman's Love Letters" of yester-year.

"The Life of John William Walshe." Edited by Montgomery Carmichael. London: Murray. 1902. 6s.

With fervour and simplicity does Mr. Carmichael set forth the life of John William Walshe as told by his lately deceased son. The story of his arrival in Italy and his adoption is as wonderful as a fairy-tale. His after-life in the old palace at Assisi, his study of heraldry and logic, his share of human love, and, finally his death from divine ecstasies, all savour more of the Middle Ages than of the twentieth century. His attitude seems to have been one of the most genuine humility, and it is interesting to observe that although the editor tries faithfully to follow in his steps, now and again a belligerent note is struck as if to remind the reader that he is perusing the life of a son of the greatest "church militant here in earth". But creed apart, a life of such self-abnegation is a treasure, alike to philosophers and believers.

"The Late Returning." By Margery Williams. London: Heinemann. 1902. 2s. 6d.

This book is indeed a marvellously vivid description of a one-day revolution. The tramp of horses, the rattle of small arms and the crash of breaking barricades is depicted with intense realism, and it would be difficult indeed to recall a more graphic and soul-stirring picture. The characters, too, are all interesting and well drawn while the close of the story is pathetic in the extreme. It may be recommended without reserve and is worth reading if only for the interview between the President and the leader of the insurgents which is written in admirable style. That "The Late Returning" should be the work of a woman seems to us almost incredible.

"Sancta Paula." By Walter Copland Perry. London: Sonnenschein. 1902. 6s.

The author of "Sancta Paula" has our sincerest sympathy on having fallen between two stools—either he should have written a biography or a romance. Chapters in which Paula expresses herself with the familiarity of a woman of to-day, are followed by chapters of the driest but, doubtless, most accurate history, plentifully sprinkled with Greek and Latin quotations. The resemblance in the general tone of the book to "Quo Vadis" suggests comparisons which might be odious to Mr. Walter Copland Perry.

"The Champion." By Mary L. Pendered and Alice Stronach. London: Harpers. 1902. 6s.

In their dedication the authors of this novel call their work a study of a false Highland chief, but it strikes the reader more as a study of a true young woman, or a couple of young women, for behind the "mannishness" of Alexandra Dunn is obviously much that is excellent. The book is by two women, but if it had appeared anonymously it would at once have revealed feminine authorship by the ease and verisimilitude with which the chief women characters are presented, while the men are more or less closely identifiable with the stock heroes and villains of romance. The false Glentalla who at first promises to be a pleasant variant, is introduced to us

almost as though he were to be the hero but when the story develops he is seen to be a veritable "villain of the deepest dye" richly deserving the fate accorded him. The true Glentalla, long kept out of his rights by the false, is a strong but quiet young farmer who wins the love of Everich the orphan young woman whose acceptance of the post of mistress of the village "schuile" sets the story going. Better than many novels which come into our hands "The Champion" yet falls short of excellence; it is at times somewhat "slow" in the method of its telling and there is moreover a want of that close carefulness which ensures success. A parrot that falls from its perch through drowsiness may have learnt to speak Gaelic excellently but it has failed to master one of the most elementary laws of bird life.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Nature Study of Life." By C. F. Hodge. Boston and London: Ginn. 1902. 7s.

The object of this book is to make nature-study a "live subject" in the schools. Professor Hodge as the head of a university department has more technic knowledge than often handicaps the authors of school manuals and he has written a book full of stimulus for teachers. But he has not quite done what he intended. Instead of a manual likely to exert an "immediate influence on primary and grammar school grades of education" he has written a book full of suggestive ideas, his own and other people's, about the wider problems of education. At the same time no teacher who has to do with nature-study would fail to benefit by his philosophy of the subject even if he found the practical advice sometimes insufficient. The illustrations are excellent and well selected and all the information about the practical success of nature-study in America is interesting. The success seems to have been greatest among girls and on the subject of botany. The chapters on entomology are written with singular clearness and the illustrations are exceptionally helpful but his selection of insects is spoilt by a too utilitarian view of the function of education. It is not because moths spoil clothes that children should wish to study them.

"Broadland Sport." Written and illustrated by Nicholas Everett. London: Everett. 1902. 12s. 6d. net.

Most of the books treating of the Norfolk Broadland being of the nature of guide-books, there is room for such a work as Mr. Everett's "Broadland Sport", which deals almost exclusively with the various sports and pastimes to be enjoyed on the broads, rivers, and marshes of East Norfolk and in the roadsteads of the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts. Probably many of Mr. Everett's readers will be surprised to learn that good sport may be had in Broadland, even by sportsmen who do not care to hire shooting or go cap in hand to the riparian owner. That such is the case the author makes quite clear, and being a lawyer as well as a sportsman he is able to give strangers valuable hints as to how they may avoid getting into trouble with landowners who claim "the soil of the river bed" and the right of preservation under the Allotments and Awards Act. Especially good are his chapters on "Flighting" and "Decoys" and how to use them; but anglers as well as gunners will find useful information and entertaining reminiscences in his pages, and yachtsmen cannot fail to be interested in the lengthy section devoted to yachts and yachting. Indeed, so long as Mr. Everett is content to deal with sport his readers will find little besides an occasional lapse into bad grammar to cavil at; but in venturing upon matters archaeological he would do well to exercise care. He would not then tell us that Acre and Beccles bridges were supposed to be Roman, and that the gateway of S. Benet's Abbey dated from the days of Canute. Further editions of his book would be the better for the omission of the story he entitles "Ratting at a Water-Kennel, or a Night with a Drunkard", which is neither instructive nor amusing.

"Derriana: Essays and Occasional Verses chiefly relating to the Diocese of Derry." By the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, [Roman Catholic] Bishop of Derry. Dublin: Sealy Bryers and Walker. 1902. 7s. 6d.

Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland are as a rule too busy to be able to give much time to antiquarian research, but Dr. O'Doherty has evidently studied the history of his diocese to good purpose. We doubt whether he was well advised in incorporating with a collection of historical essays some miscellaneous papers and sets of verses, the latter juvenilia such as many of us might write at seventeen, but few would reprint from an episcopal throne. The more purely antiquarian essays are somewhat slight and uncritical, but the papers on Redmond O'Gallagher, and the sixteenth-century "Martyr Bishop of Derry", on the Convention of Drom Ceat at which S. Columba played so great a part, and on the

Rebellion of Sir Cahir O'Doherty in the reign of James I. are interesting intrinsically and also as evidence of the style and temper in which a bishop who is by no means a political firebrand approaches history. Sir Cahir O'Doherty was a hot-tempered youth whom careful handling would have kept quiet, but who was provoked into rebellion (deliberately the Bishop thinks) by Chichester and Paulet. Dr. O'Doherty makes out a case for Sir Cahir, and he is of course perfectly justified in saying plainly what he feels about this discreditable episode. On the other hand, we think that some of his remarks deserve to be noted. He has been careful to study all existing authorities, some of whom are probably untrustworthy as violent English partisans, but his trick of discrediting various statements on a priori grounds is disconcerting. Thus when Sir John Davies states that a certain Oghy O'Hanlon's wife was ill-treated "by an Irish soldier who knew her not" Dr. O'Doherty remarks that no Irishman would have done such a thing, and thereafter refers to the ruffian as an English soldier.

"Paton's List of Schools and Tutors." London : Paton. 1902. 1s.

A decidedly useful and efficient work of reference. But parents, who are to decide on a school on the strength of its official programme or prospectus as here set forth, may have some difficulty in making their choice. The air, one notices, is nearly always bracing, the bedrooms sunny, and the facilities for recreation complete.

"Finland : its Public and Private Economy." By N. C. Frederiksen. London : Arnold. 1902. 6s.

This is a book which should be useful to all who take an interest in the position of Finland at the present time and the attitude of its people towards Russia. Professor Frederiksen is certainly not pro-Russian, but he presents his case for Finland in a sober, reasoning spirit. His book is full of valuable information about the land laws, agriculture, forestry and commerce of the country.

"The Ancestor." No. II. London : Constable. 1902. 5s. net.

The second number of the "Ancestor" appeared last month, and despite the fact that the Coronation might be expected to absorb public attention, the material collected is quite equal to that of the first number. Mr. St. John Hope concludes his excellent essay on the Coronation ornaments, and Mr. Round his on the origin of the Fitzgeralds. A special feature of this periodical is a trenchant and amusing attack on "What is believed" about their ancestors by certain families. An article on the "Gentility of Richard Barker"—though not quite fair—is of the same character. But the "Ancestor" is primarily devoted to articles based on original research. There are several most interesting illustrations of which we specially commend those of Swords in the Collection of Mr. Morgan Williams. There is in fact but one section of this review which invites criticism. A fine set of Cheshire deeds is abstracted in English and the series is introduced by a short paragraph by Somerset Herald. It is impossible to make out from this paragraph whether the abstracts are or are not made by Mr. Burke. If they are not the name of the expert ought to be given.

THEOLOGY.

"S. Luke the Prophet." By E. C. Selwyn. London : Macmillan. 1901. 8s. 6d. net.

When we reviewed Dr. Selwyn's last book we expressed a fear that he was getting prophets on the brain ; and now there is no doubt that he has got them. He finds their utterances not only in the Epistles and Apocalypse, but in the most sober accounts of the Acts ; everything is explained as "a prophetic feature", and in the most matter-of-fact details of Apostolic missionary work and speeches he traces mysterious fulfilments of Old Testament types or covert allusions to the extravagant visions of the Book of Enoch ; the early Christian writers and teachers must have been mad as Festus said S. Paul was, if they spent their time in the way Dr. Selwyn supposes. But he has hypotheses of his own on other subjects besides the prophets ; every chapter is full of them, till we get as confused as the book is and can hardly rouse ourselves to a languid interest in any of them. He lingers longest over the Luke-Silas hypothesis ; Luke was a prophet of course, and so was Silas, and Luke and Silas were the same person ; and he also called himself Tertius, and under that name he transcribed the Epistle to the Romans for S. Paul, and a few years later he wrote two Epistles for S. Peter ; so he must have been a very important person. That Silas wrote the "we-passages" in the Acts is supposed to be clear from Acts xvi. ; to us that chapter proves the exact opposite ; and, not to mention other difficulties, we cannot conceive why, if Luke and Silas were one man, S. Paul should have called him in his Epistles sometimes by one of his names and sometimes by another.

"The Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles." Being the Hulsean Lectures for 1900-1901. By F. H. Chase. London : Macmillan. 1902. 6s.

Most of the recent English works on the Acts are conservative ; Ramsay, Knowling, Rackham, and now Dr. Chase, defend their authenticity and early date ; we grant that the "Encyclopaedia Biblica" takes the other side, but then Professor Schmiedel is not an Englishman. Yet Ramsay, though convinced of the accuracy of the "travel-document" and the latter half of the book, was disposed to allow a considerable amount of legendary accretion in the early chapters ; and the speeches have always been a hard problem. Why are they nearly all the same length ? How could they have been so exactly reported as they profess to be ? if the author is giving a summary of what was actually said, how much of his own is he weaving into the summary ? or is he composing them throughout ? It is true that there are points of contact between S. Peter's and S. Paul's speeches in the Acts, and their own written Epistles, but do these prove more than that the author had "got up" the Epistles before writing his book ? These are the main questions to which Dr. Chase has devoted his Hulsean lectures, and we have never seen the authenticity of the Pauline speeches better defended ; he examines them at length—sometimes at wearisome length—and shows that they are truly Pauline, not in the sense of being centos of Pauline expressions but because both in phraseology and thought they have too numerous and delicate points of contact with the Epistles to be anything else but the product of the same mind. In vindicating the credibility of the rest of the book he is less convincing ; he is careful and scholarly but not always interesting, and he occasionally gives the impression of not seeing all that there is on the other side ; for instance though he often quotes 2 Corinthians, he is silent as to the difficulty of fitting S. Paul's account of his hardships and sufferings in the 11th chapter into the narrative of the Acts. But still when we have established the authenticity of the speeches we have done a good deal ; and Dr. Chase may claim to have done this.

"Patristic Study." By H. B. Swete. ("Handbooks for the Clergy.") London : Longmans. 1902. 2s. 6d. net.

We hope that Dr. Swete's excellent little manual will do something to promote Patristic study amongst our clergy and remind them that there are other branches of Theology than higher criticism of the Bible or inquiry into the "correctness" of this or that piece of ceremonial. There never was a time when the study of the early Christian Fathers was more needed than at the present day ; but never a time when it was easier to prosecute the study. Hand editions of separate authors or treatises are constantly appearing, some of them of high value ; and the Vienna and Berlin Academies have been producing each its corpus of Latin and Greek ecclesiastical writers, and the publication of these and other collections is bringing down the price of the old Benedictine editions. Those handsome folios can often be purchased cheaply by the man who will wait and will read patiently through second-hand catalogues. If their texts are not always scientifically constructed, they are still good enough for the ordinary reader ; and indeed there are rumours that even the Vienna and Berlin editions are not invariably superior to their predecessors in this respect. But when we have got our "Father" we do not necessarily know how to read him ; and here the value of Dr. Swete's book comes in. It is not simply a short history of early Christian literature, but it is an introduction to its intelligent study ; he tells us what authors or parts of authors we should read for different purposes, and he tells us how to read them. Clergymen in doubt what to read with only a vague feeling that as clergymen they ought to study the Fathers, will find in his pages wise suggestions where best to begin and how best to go on.

"The Sermon on the Mount : its Literary Structure and Didactic Purpose." By B. W. Bacon. New York : The Macmillan Company. London : Macmillan. 1902. 4s. 6d. net.

Critics have long discussed whether S. Matthew or S. Luke preserves the truer form of the Sermon on the Mount ; but most have decided in favour of S. Luke. The more abrupt sentences ; the address in the second person plural ("blessed are ye poor" &c.) ; the addition of the "woes" after the beatitudes ; these all look as if he were more original ; while S. Matthew's observed fondness for arranging our Lord's utterances in large groups, and by their subject-matter, and the fact that much of what he gives as part of the Sermon occurs in different connexions in S. Luke and yet almost always fits the context better in that Gospel, also point to the same conclusion. With one important exception, the long section on the relation of the Saviour's moral teaching to the Mosaic law and the men of old time is undoubtedly original in S. Matthew and must have been deliberately omitted by S. Luke, probably because it would have been of little interest to Gentile readers. All this has been pointed out before ; Dr. Bacon points it out again with a great deal of emphasis and learning and minuteness, and much unnecessary defence of the higher criticism against possible opponents or scoffers. But his book, albeit

rather dull, will be a useful guide to the critical study of the two versions of our Lord's great discourse.

"The Epistle of Psenosiris : an Original Document from the Diocletian Persecution." Edited and explained by Adolf Deissmann. London : Black. 1902. 2s. 6d.

There is something thrilling in the vividness with which this letter—one of the many treasures discovered by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt among the Egyptian papyri—takes us into the thick of the Valerian or Diocletian persecution. It was written by a Christian presbyter of one village in the Great Oasis to a fellow presbyter of another. From it we gather that a Christian woman has been banished there, and separated from her son ; but the Church has penetrated even into the oasis, and the guild of gravediggers are Christians. They have received the exile with kindness and conveyed her to a quieter and pleasanter spot up-country ; and as soon as her son can be brought to them they will send him on to join his mother. There is the simple story placed before our eyes ; the rigour of the persecution, the steadfastness of the Christians, their superb secret organisation, their love and ready help to one another ; no wonder the Roman Government was powerless against them. Professor Deissmann has edited the epistle with an ability worthy of his reputation.

"Church Folk Lore." By the Rev. J. E. Vaux. Second Edition. London : Skeffington. 1902. 6s.

If the author of this book is on principle somewhat discursive and scrappy, he has in recording numberless post-Reformation usages of our Church done much to broaden the popular conception of our ecclesiastical history over the years that divide Cranmer from Pusey. Certainly the "man in the street" will be surprised to learn (from the table of London Church services that is here reprinted from Paterson's "Pietas Londiniensis") that in the supposed Protestant days of "gracious Anne" numberless London churches held daily services and that 8 A.M. celebrations were not unknown. The Temple Church then held two daily services at 7, 8 or 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. There are, however, here some curious omissions. For instance, there is an interesting chapter on the practice of strewing the floors of churches with rushes, but no allusion to the reference to the custom in the "Book of Sports". Again there is much on church pews, but no mention of Laud's sharp rebuke at the High Commission to those who claimed seats by prescription. "As good as you" quoth his irate Lordship (he was then Guilielmus Londiniensis) "stand and have stood. Why there are no seats in any church of any kingdom but this, and what is this your time out of mind ? For time was when there were no seats in any church among us". We wish that space would permit us to discuss with our author the origin of the King's Cursal Prebendary at S. David's Cathedral Church. We are aware that for the explanation that he offers on authority of the Dean of S. David's the testimony of a Pembrokeshire writer of Elizabethan days may be cited. Nevertheless this explanation has recently been called into question on several grounds, and if Mr. Vaux will pursue

(Continued on page 244.)

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his researches, he will learn that this ecclesiastical dignity of our sovereigns may probably be attributed to an origin far more honourable than a particularly despicable piece of Protestant booting in the days of the "Boy King".

FRENCH LITERATURE.

L'Italie en Romantiques. Par Urban Mengin. Paris : Plon. 1902. 7f. 50c.

"Le romantisme", writes M. Urban Mengin, "a été un accès d'enthousiasme poétique. Quand les grondements de l'orage révolutionnaire et guerrier eurent cessé, on put entendre l'harmonie des lyres que le grand vent avait fait vibrer". Seven of these harmonious enthusiasts are selected by M. Mengin to paint for us Italy as they saw and loved her; Italy from 1803 to 1833, bathed in the starlight of great memories and living dreams. Chateaubriand, Madame de Staél, Lamartine, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Alfred de Musset are the seven Romantics chosen by M. Mengin; for the reason that these poets lived under the same spell and derived inspiration from each other. Thus Chateaubriand and Byron were both of them friends of Madame de Staél; Shelley was the friend of Byron and Keats; Lamartine and Alfred de Musset corresponded in verse, and the admiration both felt for Byron, as well as their love for Italy, was a link between them. "Other poets no doubt have celebrated Italy; but not the Italy illuminated by the Romantic sentiment. Goethe on the one hand, and Browning on the other, stand outside of the enchanted circle. "Goethe a fait son voyage d'Italie avant la Révolution Française. Ce qu'il allait chercher au-delà des Alpes, c'était la terre classique, l'Italie romaine et païenne. A Assise il ne voulut rien voir que la petite façade à colonnes corinthiennes d'un temple païen. Racontant comment il est monté à pied à la ville : 'Je laissai à ma gauche avec dégoût', dit-il, 'les substructions énormes et l'architecture babylonienne des églises entassées l'une sur l'autre sous lesquelles saint François repose'... Si Goethe n'est pas encore un vrai Romantique, Browning et les préraphaelites anglais sont déjà autre chose. Ils se sont épris de l'art italien de la fin du moyen âge, art que les Romantiques avaient ignoré. Les préraphaelites ne le comprennent d'ailleurs qu'à demi, car tandis que tout est clarté chez Giotto et Fra Angelico, les poètes anglais qui s'inspirent de la 'Vita nuova' semblent s'efforcer d'être plus difficiles à comprendre que le Dante des premiers poèmes. De leur vivant même ils ont eu besoin de commentateurs". What does M. Mengin mean? Is he perhaps irreverently being merry at the expense of those who dwell above mirth—"Les poètes Anglais qui s'inspirent de la 'Vita nuova'"—inhabitants of a circle whose password is, "Renounce all mirth, O ye who enter here"? Politely, however, does M. Mengin hasten to atone for his irreverence: "Ils n'en forment pas moins", he adds of these modern pre-Raphaelites who try to be difficult, "une école nouvelle dont les grands efforts ont produit de belles œuvres d'art et de poésie." Nevertheless we have our suspicions of the sincerity of M. Mengin's professed recognition that these moderns have discovered a more beautiful Italy than the Italy of the Romantics. In our heart of hearts we believe when he speaks of "the passionate pilgrims who upon arriving at Florence rush feverishly to the Academy to see Botticelli's 'Spring' and who wander from cell to cell in the cloisters of Saint Mark intoxicated with the poetry of Fra Angelico", that he holds these "passionate pilgrims" less worthy lovers of Italy than the Romantics who dreamed their dreams in the memory-haunted streets of Florence, and left Botticelli in the Academy and Fra Angelico in his cell. This is what we gather from the following passage: "Les Romantiques ont ignoré ces œuvres, et ils n'ont pas connu non plus les fresques que Giotto, l'ami de Dante, a peintes à Assise et à Padoue; mais ils ont aimé Dante lui-même, et ils avaient en outre, pour s'intéresser à l'Italie de la fin du moyen âge, une raison nouvelle, leur amour passionné des libertés politiques. Qu'ils soient de familles aristocratiques ou plébéiennes, ils sont tous les enfants de la Révolution; l'Italie qu'ils parcourent est presque partout esclave de l'étranger, mais les forteresses où les républiques italiennes se défendaient jadis sont encore debout: les généreux poètes évoquent alors cette époque de fière indépendance, et ils apellent de tous leurs vœux la liberté pour qu'elle refasse une Italie nouvelle."

Hésitation Sentimentale. Par l'auteur de "Amitié Amoureuse." Paris : Calmann-Lévy. 1902. 3f. 50c.

The worthy mechanic and the upright engineer—rescued in their teens from some appalling slum by a philanthropist—do not as a rule make sympathetic heroes. The author always admits that they are far from "elegant", indeed, that they look clumsy beside the "mondain". Invariably they fall in love with a brilliant young lady, and suffer. Too honourable are they to declare their passion, and, for pages they soliloquise, saying, "She is rich, and I am poor. She is of high degree, and I came from the slums. Let me keep in the background like an honest

man, let me suffer, let me keep my proper place. I, alas, am nobody". Mondains appear, and the mechanics and engineers look on dismally. But the mondain eventually shows himself selfish and shallow; the brilliant young lady suddenly despises him, and the mechanic, or the engineer, finally does something exceptionally noble and gets his reward. So do those of the slums triumph over those of the château. An old old theme, this; but while we have to confess that Jean, the hero of "Hésitation Sentimentale" and the chief workman in a glass manufactory, is as dull as the mechanic and engineer, we have to say that the author of "Amitié Amoureuse" introduces us to amusing and natural people. Let us dismiss Jean—merely saying that he marries Marie-Thérèse, the daughter of M. de Chanzelles, whom he has loved secretly for years and years. To account for the dismissal, let us add that he soliloquises in the moonlight and holds his head in his hands in the solitude of his room, and that he is good, good. The mondain, however, is a clever creation: he would marry Marie-Thérèse, but when he discovers that the glass manufactory no longer prospers, he hesitates, postpones the wedding, and eventually is dismissed. Marie-Thérèse's letter reaches him while he is taking his morning coffee. He sighs, he says, "She was beautiful"—and then takes up a paper. In fine, Hubert Martholl is an excellent example of the mondain. The girls who flirt at Trouville and their vapid admirers are also capitally conceived, and "salon" life amidst the "haute bourgeoisie" is gaily if satirically portrayed. Indeed, "Hésitation Sentimentale" is an entertaining novel—but at times it is too sentimental. Marie-Thérèse is too fond of reflecting at her window, and there are too many sunsets and too much moonlight. Also, there are too many sighs, too many resolutions (never fulfilled) to lead a higher life. A frivolous girl hopes—with a shudder—that there will never be another revolution,—the poor should be satisfied she adds. But Marie-Thérèse replies that the poor still suffer, and that it is unjust that she and her companions should live luxuriously while others starve. The proprietor of the glass manufactory is good to his workmen, and is beloved. Jean, also, is worshipped by the workmen—but we have already dismissed him. In spite of Jean and in spite of the chatter about the poor, and other failings "Hésitation Sentimentale" is worth reading; and, no doubt, next time, the author will give us something more worthy of his (or her?) reputation.

Lycéennes. Par Madame Gabrielle Réval. Paris : Ollendorff. 1902. 3f. 50c.

It is an open question whether this sequel to "Les Sévriennes" and "Un Lycée de Jeunes Filles" is justifiable. Both of these disclosed the difficulties encountered by young women who wished to make a livelihood out of teaching; their troubles and awakenings were sympathetically and powerfully described, and the life of their schools was faithfully, vividly portrayed. But two books on that subject seem to us to be enough, and this time Madame Gabrielle Réval—a veritable stylist, by the way—repeats herself. Now and then we get flashes of wit and pathetic passages as of old, but the theme strikes one throughout as being stale. One can have too much of a good thing, and Madame Réval, with her indisputable talents, should have given us something new. Indeed, the "question féministe"—for "Lycéennes" deals with that problem—should now be avoided by the novelist. It has been worked to death—ruined by M. Marcel Prévost and treated in incomparable fashion by MM. Paul and Victor Marguerite in "Femmes Nouvelles". "Les Sévriennes" and "Un Lycée de Jeunes Filles" were both of them remarkable—but again we must state that we can discover no raison d'être for a sequel.

Monstres Parisiens. Par Catulle Mendès. Paris : Charpentier-Fasquelle. 1902. 3f. 50c.

More monsters, and all of them most monstrous. It would do M. Catulle Mendès infinite good to be led into the country and detained there for many months, so that he might forget for a while the depraved creatures who inhabit the "quartiers bizarres" of Paris. He is a stylist, a poet, and a subtle critic—why, then, should he give us this repulsive, frantic, insane stuff? We are beginning to think that it must be easy to produce sketches of decadents who have eerie visions, ether-drinkers who have odd passions, viveurs who are for ever in quest of some new sensation. After two or three glasses of absinthe, such stories might be reeled off by the dozen; and, in time, it would no doubt be possible to create a series of them every day. At all events there are many manufacturers of monsters at the present moment, and so M. Catulle Mendès' last book may be familiarly described as "Vieux Jeu". Years have elapsed since he first introduced us to his earliest monsters, and the last resemble almost entirely the first. We would rather read of the bourgeois, or the American millionaire in Paris, or anyone as stale. We have had more than enough of monsters.

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